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The Shape of Things

*

THE EXTENT OF NAZI INFLUENCE AT LIMA has been disclosed in a spectacular dispatch by John W. White, New York *Times* correspondent. Writing from Arica, Chile, Mr. White declares that the American newspapermen at Lima were not only placed under the strictest censorship, but were repeatedly given false reports and subjected to spying and intimidation in case their dispatches were unfavorable to the dictatorships. Mail for the American delegates was delayed by censors, and on one occasion Peruvian secret-service men were caught searching the files of American delegates. Although the censorship and surveillance were carried out under the direction of President Benavides, the Peruvian dictator, no attempt was made to hide the fact that it was in the interest of the Nazi and Fascist dictatorships. The newspaper dispatches to which the censors objected were invariably those which revealed German and Italian intrigue at the conference. The Peruvian press was flagrantly pro-Nazi and pro-Franco. On the opening day of the conference Lima was literally covered with swastika flags, while the Stars and Stripes were displayed in only three places. There were more Italian and Japanese flags than those of any South American country. Here is a sensational commentary on the Lima conference and on the problems which confront us in Latin America.

*

THREE WEEKS AGO WE PRINTED AN ARTICLE by the Reverend William C. Kernan concerning the notorious radio speech in which Father Coughlin attempted to pin on the Jews the responsibility for communism. The Kernan article offered documentary evidence to prove, first, that Coughlin repeatedly made gross misstatements of fact and, second, that the source of his information was *World Service,* a Nazi journal intended to foment anti-Semitism outside of Germany. Father Coughlin has neither refuted the Kernan charges nor acknowledged the falseness of his information. But while the link he would forge between the Jews and Moscow has been shown to be fraudulent, the affinity between Coughlin and Berlin has become more startlingly

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apparent. On December 5 Coughlin published a signed defense of German anti-Semitism in his weekly *Social Justice*. That article contained at least eleven paragraphs the wording of which was almost identical with those in a speech made in 1935 by Paul Joseph Goebbels, Reich Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment. This discovery was brought to light by the New York *Post*, which printed the paragraphs in parallel columns. While other papers chose to ignore the story, Coughlin himself could not evade a telephoned request for an explanation. "The materials available to us," said his secretary, "were, naturally, available to him [Goebbels]." This shabby argument, which apparently was meant to cover the identity of material as well as of wording, is brazen in the Nazi tradition. In that same tradition is Coughlin's cowardly refusal to face the facts contained in the Kernan article. We call upon him to meet that challenge or to abandon his hypocrisy and proclaim openly a doctrine of race hate which is as treasonable to Catholicism as it is to American tradition. The sooner the country knows the Coughlin poison for what it is, the sooner it can apply the antidote.

*

THE SELECTION OF FRANK MURPHY AS Attorney General is a wise and reassuring move. In happy contrast to the snub accorded Aubrey Williams, the appointment is a mark of recognition for one of the New Deal's most forthright and talented advocates. Mr. Murphy's equipment for the post has been amply demonstrated, and he is a valuable addition to the President's first lieutenants. It is common knowledge that this group has heretofore included some of Mr. Roosevelt's least enthusiastic and most timorous camp followers; Mr. Murphy belongs in the category of those who want to practice what the President preaches. As Governor of Michigan he courageously defied reaction's most solemn commandment when he refused to shed the blood of sitdown strikers and insisted upon peaceful negotiations. It was for this and comparable sins that he was punished in the November election. His withdrawal from public life would have been a misfortune. We are confident that his appointment will survive the sniping of those Congressional critics who advocate—for Mr. Roosevelt—a steadfast policy of rewarding his enemies.

*

IT IS AS YET UNCERTAIN WHETHER THE thirteen thousand airplanes which recently soared into the headlines represented a definite Presidential proposal or were merely trial balloons. According to Messrs. Pearson and Allen, the scheme is a genuine one, with its real motive a desire to overawe the fascist dictators. Unless this can be done, the President has been convinced by his diplomatic advisers, impossible demands will be sprung on Britain and France within a few months, and a war into which this country will inevitably be dragged will start in the course of 1939. This opinion coincides fairly closely with that of a majority of Americans as revealed by recent Gallup and *Fortune* polls. Hence although there have been signs of growing opposition in the new Congress to the President's defense plans, they may, when fully revealed, find strong popular backing. Nevertheless, the idea of a more than fourfold expansion in our air strength seems pretty fantastic either as a measure for the defense of these shores or as a means of sobering Hitler and Mussolini. No military expert has ever suggested that the former purpose requires a fleet of such a size, and since it could hardly reach the blueprint stage for many months, it is doubtful whether the dictators would take it seriously enough to be deterred from their purposes.

*

THERE ARE, WE THINK, CHEAPER, SAFER, AND more effective ways of checking the advance of the fascist powers. We could help prevent their conquest of Spain—the key both to their further advance in Europe and to their cultural and economic invasion of South America—by lifting the embargo which is strangling the government forces. Again we could slow down Germany's furious armament program by refusing to supply it any longer with certain essentials which it cannot readily obtain elsewhere, especially steel-making plant, machine tools, and scrap iron. Public opinion, we believe, is ready to support such measures, for it now realizes that if we fail to arrest the incendiaries we shall be forced to help put out the fire.

*

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S ACTION IN ORDERING the arrest of some 200 followers of Wang Ching-wei, pro-Japanese right-wing leader, was long overdue. For months reports have been seeping out of China to the effect that Wang was seeking to make peace with the invader. Although by no means as influential as he once was, Wang were undoubtedly responsible for much of the disunity and lack of zeal which has been exhibited in high official circles. Reports from various sources tell of inefficiency and failure to make full use of China's enormous resources for mass resistance. The same charge is implicit in Hallett Abend's year-end dispatch calling attention to China's incredible military ineptitude. On such occasions a clean-up is essential, though it must not be interpreted as a sign of fatal weakness. It will be recalled that the Spanish government suffered several such shake-ups and emerged from them far stronger than before. Now that Chiang has rid the Kuomintang of its corrupt right wing, there should be no further obstacles to the general adoption of the mass-resistance tactics which have been utilized so successfully in the north of China.

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GOVERNOR BIBB GRAVES OF ALABAMA recently rebuffed pleas for immediate release of four of the Scottsboro boys who are still held in prison. The mysterious circumstances surrounding his action have opened a new and sensational chapter in the case. When Alabama last year freed four of the prisoners, there was widespread confidence that the others—except Ozie Powell, who had been subsequently sentenced for attacking a sheriff—would be similarly released. The prosecution had treated them as a unit; it was indefensible to free some while keeping the others in jail. Dr. Allan Knight Chalmers, chairman of the Scottsboro Committee, now asserts, with the corroboration of men of unimpeachable reputation in the South, that Graves had privately promised to free the boys whose appeals he publicly denied last month. Graves had admitted, again in private meetings, that Alabama's stand was untenable; he had said so in December, 1937, and had given an even more clearcut promise of action in July, 1938. Among those who heard his promises were such men as Grover Hall, editor of the Montgomery *Advertiser*. Suddenly, Graves changed his mind. The private promise of Bibb Graves is shown to have been a slender reed on which to base the hope for release of the boys, even though the charges against them rest on exactly the same flimsy evidence that led to the release of the first four. Unfortunately legal means have been exhausted. The pressure of an aroused public opinion must now be vigorously directed toward forcing Graves's successor, Governor Dixon, to carry out a judgment passed, not by "Jews from New York," but by prosecutors in his own state of Alabama.

*

SOME OF THE BEST LAUGHS OF THE SEASON have been provided by the continued barrage turned against the TVA. It is difficult to keep a straight face when the industry of Insull attacks TVA for bad accounting methods or when Wendell L. Willkie steps forward in the role of "trustee" for his investors. The web of accusation and propaganda in which power interests seek to enmesh the greatest single public improvement of our time is too hopelessly tangled by now to be unraveled, but a few of the main threads are still visible. It is understood that Mr. Willkie wanted cost plus a 25 per cent mark-up for intangibles for his Chattanooga properties, while the city offered cost minus depreciation. Mr. Willkie countered by suggesting that TVA buy all the Commonwealth and Southern properties in its area, allow the SEC to arbitrate the price, and set up separate spheres of influence for public and private power. The law would not permit this last step. Considering the huge inflations of capital that went into the creation of Mr. Willkie's company, valuation would be most difficult. Senator Norris points out that two years ago the utilities defeated a proposal to amend the TVA act so that whole systems could be purchased, as proposed by Mr. Willkie. Purchases must now be made by the cities affected; Mr. Willkie's plan would unload unprofitable street-car lines as power properties. His offer served the doubtful purpose of confusing the issue, and we are glad that the TVA rejected it.

*

ZONA GALE NEVER ENJOYED A FAME QUITE equal to that of her fellow-realists, Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser. She was not, indeed, as sensational as either, but her death at sixty-six will remind readers that her most widely read novel "Miss Lulu Bett" was exactly contemporary with "Main Street" and hardly less influential in establishing a new tone in fiction dealing with provincial America. Miss Gale had begun as a "local colorist," and her earlier stories combined a gift for meticulous observation with the somewhat sentimental attitude of Miss Jewett and her school. But she developed a more realistic method for herself, and her best-known novel may possibly seem to future readers sounder, because less self-consciously iconoclastic, than the work of her better-known contemporaries. A dramatization of it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1920 and belongs among the very earliest of the plays which broke away from theatrical convention to establish upon the stage a new American literature. Miss Gale preferred retirement to metropolitan literary circles and had lived for many years at Portage, Wisconsin.

Franco's "Final" Drive

MORE than a week has now passed since the widely heralded rebel offensive against Catalonia was launched. While conflicting reports from the two sides leave its actual results still obscure, it is evident that Franco's Italian and Insurgent forces have made substantial, though not decisive, gains. Dispatches from the front tell the familiar, heartrending story of stubborn resistance by relatively ill-equipped men against a highly mechanized army.

At the time of writing government forces are still clinging desperately to Artesa and Borjas Blancas, the two principal immediate objectives of Franco's drive, though the capture of the latter has been frequently claimed by the Insurgents. There is grave danger, however, that both these towns may fall. Although their loss would not have serious consequences for the Loyalist defense, it would allow Franco to claim the victory which he so badly needs to bolster morale behind his lines. A much more decisive victory, however, will probably be required if Mussolini is to persuade Chamberlain at their forthcoming meeting to adopt a Spanish settlement predi-

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cated on the assumption of an ultimate rebel triumph. Realizing that the stakes are high, Franco has apparently abandoned his usual cautious tactics and risked his full force in the hope of striking a decisive blow. Such an outcome appears, at the time of writing, most unlikely. And it is evident that Franco has paid dearly for such success as he has achieved.

In any event it seems certain that the Spanish war will go on for many months, with the final decision resting not on the result of the present drive, important though that may be, but on the Spanish government's ability to get supplies from abroad commensurate with the assistance the rebels are receiving from the fascist powers. Since the part of Spain remaining under government control is predominantly urban and industrial, food is the most urgent necessity. Thus the United States, with its vast stocks of surplus wheat, is in a position to be of tremendous assistance. The committee which has just been set up under the chairmanship of George MacDonald, a papal marquis, to raise the $500,000 necessary to process and ship the 600,000 barrels of flour donated to civilians on both sides by the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation deserves support. But this aid will not begin to meet the need in Loyalist territory, where the food shortage is extremely grave.

And Spain needs more than food if it is to defend itself successfully against continued Italian-German invasion. Louis Fischer points out elsewhere in this issue that an increasing proportion of the government's military supplies are being manufactured at home. But the amount is still far less than that being furnished to Franco by his fascist allies. As long as Chamberlain and Daladier pursue their policy of conciliating the dictators, the government cannot buy supplies in Europe. It must buy them in the United States. The friends of the Spanish republic in this country must therefore make a new and more determined effort to lift the unneutral embargo.

It is an open secret that the embargo has been maintained thus far chiefly because of Catholic pressure. Because a section of the Catholic clergy has been so articulate in its pro-rebel propaganda, it has been assumed that an overwhelming majority of Catholics favored the insurgents. The falsity of this assumption has been revealed by the most recent Gallup poll, which shows a minority of Catholics actively favoring Franco. Of those who expressed an opinion, including both Catholics and Protestants, 76 per cent favored the Loyalists and 24 per cent the rebels. Approximately one out of three of the Catholics voting declared that they were not in sympathy with either side. Of the remainder, 42 per cent favored the Loyalists and 58 per cent the rebels. Thus a small group constituting about 38 per cent of the Catholics, who in turn comprise less than one-sixth of the total population, are at the moment determining the foreign policy of the United States on one of the most crucial of all issues.

That the American people are overwhelmingly in favor of lifting the embargo has been demonstrated repeatedly, and Congress will undoubtedly take some action at its coming session. The danger is, however, that in its desire to modify the Neutrality Act so as to allow discrimination between aggressors and their victims, Congress may put off the lifting of the embargo until the more basic job can be done. Such a delay might be fatal to the Loyalists. Congress's first legislative move should be to right the wrong that has been done by repealing the special action it took against Spain in 1937. There will then be time to give careful consideration to the needed revision of our neutrality policy as it applies to Europe and the Far East.

Prospects for Recovery

TWELVE months ago economic prospects were exceedingly bleak. The curve of business activity was falling almost perpendicularly, and there were no signs of a halt or even of a flattening out. Unemployment was mounting rapidly, factories were closing, stocks slumping. As we enter 1939 the picture is much brighter —at least by contrast. Economic activity is still far from normal, but the trend is now upward. The Federal Reserve index of industrial production, which stood at 84 in December, 1937, and reached a low of 76 in May last, has now recovered to just over 100. It has still a long way to travel, however, before it will reach the high point attained in the last recovery—121 in December, 1936.

Up to the present, recovery has manifested itself most clearly in what may be called the consumer-capital industries. The automobile industry, which suffered a spectacular tumble a year ago, succeeded in cleaning up its inventory position in the late summer and for the past three months has been steadily gaining. December sales are expected to exceed those of a year ago by at least 10 per cent, and the improvement is expected to hold well into the New Year. Even more important is the rise in residential building, for which federal insurance of mortgages under the FHA is largely responsible. In spite of a poor first quarter, permits for residential construction showed a 16 per cent gain in the first eleven months of 1938. In November the improvement over the corresponding month of 1937 was no less than 67 per cent. The rising tendency in house-building is expected to be steadily maintained in 1939, with one authority forecasting a rise in construction of as much as 32 per cent for the whole year.

Satisfactory as such improvement may be, we must be on guard against any complacency in respect to the

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economic situation as a whole. It is difficult to talk about recovery, except as a change from black to gray, so long as we have anything like the present unemployment. Since June, it is estimated, the number of men in jobs has increased by a million, but nine million remain without work. It is noticeable, too, that employment and pay-roll indices have shown less recovery than the production curve. There is, it is true, a time-lag element here, since production always tends to move more rapidly in either direction than employment. But with the manufacturing employment index in November some 10 per cent below that of twelve months before, while the production was around 13 per cent higher, there are grounds for suspecting a considerable growth in technological unemployment.

We are not among those who decry labor-saving machinery as such. When it makes possible lower costs of production and these are utilized to reduce prices and increase output, the ultimate benefits outweigh the immediate dislocation they cause. But if its fruits are mainly absorbed by profits, the result is bound to be an aggravation of that gap between potential production and actual purchasing power which is one of the root causes of our present difficulties.

This question of prices is especially important at the present juncture. One of the chief uncertainties about the continuance of the recovery lies in the farm situation. In the past six months, while industry has been moving upward, prices of agricultural staples, afflicted by world influences, have steadily fallen. Thus the long-standing discrepancy between farm prices and industrial prices has been greatly aggravated. Since early 1937 the index for farm products has fallen from 96 to 67.4, while that for industrial goods is down only from 86.5 to 80. Despite federal relief there has been a sharp fall in the purchasing power of the agricultural areas which are so important a market for industrial products. Under the circumstances any attempt to raise the level of industrial prices would be fatal. In fact, what is needed is a general lowering of prices. There have been some steps in this direction in the past few months with the steel, automobile, and farm-machinery industries making moderate reductions in prices. But there is room for much wider action of this sort, and if business as a whole were to cut its profit margins it would be making the biggest possible contribution to recovery and would almost certainly find itself repaid by increased turnover.

The price question is one of the leading issues which will decide the course of the recovery. Another and even weightier one is the trend of government expenditure. It is now generally accepted that the main cause of the 1937 slump was the sudden curtailment in federal spending before private investment was able or willing to take up the load. Similarly the recovery since last June stems from the renewal of the pump-priming program. But now the advocates of "orthodox fiscal practice" are again raising their voices in Wall Street and Washington. It is doubtful whether they really wish to be taken seriously. Most business men agree privately that the immediate result of a serious move toward budget-balancing would be a nose-dive on the Stock Exchange and a rapid return of depression.

One of the unsatisfactory features of the present recovery has been the slow response of the capital market. New corporate financing in the first eleven months of 1938 was well below that for both 1936 and 1937. This means that while consumer-goods industries have been holding up fairly well, capital-goods' producers, who have the most vital contribution to make to recovery, remain in the doldrums. Were it not for orders directly or indirectly resulting from government expenditure, their plight would be still graver. Under these circumstances, if even the modicum of recovery so far attained is not to be sacrificed, the Administration must stick to its fiscal guns. Until business bestirs itself to utilize our great pool of dammed-up capital, the government must keep at least one sluice open through which to irrigate the fields of industry.

Father Coughlin and the Church

THE Catholic church is developing a badly split personality. Its head recognizes that the church and fascism are irreconcilable, yet a large section of the hierarchy is inevitably propelled into the camp of reaction, where fascism breeds. Pope Pius has courageously raised his voice against the racist doctrines Mussolini has dutifully taken over from the dominant end of the axis, yet a Catholic priest, Father Coughlin, continues to be the chief poisoner for the anti-Semitic movement the Nazis are carefully nurturing in this country. Mr. Roosevelt is the only one among the statesmen of the West to raise his voice firmly against Hitlerism, a movement profoundly anti-Catholic and anti-Christian, yet it is no secret that most of the American Catholic hierarchy is opposed to him and did their best in 1936 to spread the impression that he was "communistic." Nowhere are the contradictions of the church's interest and the church's position clearer than in the Spanish struggle. Victory for Franco, by completing the encirclement of France, would give the axis that position of strategic superiority in the west of Europe that the betrayal of Czechoslovakia gave it in the east. It would bring measurably closer Hitler's dream of world dominion, and under his rule—as the Vatican realizes—there will be no room for either Catholicism or Christianity. The victory of the Spanish Republic, on the other hand, will mean nothing worse

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for Catholicism than separation of church and state, a blessing in disguise for the church as well as for the state. It is no accident that the church is secure in Protestant countries today but fighting for existence in Catholic lands where in the past there has been no check on its power; Mexico, Spain, Austria, Italy, for all their differences, illustrate the anti-clericalism bred where the church has dominated the state, and dominated it invariably in behalf of the great and powerful. Yet again the church is helping its enemies; in this country Catholic pressure has browbeaten the press until it hardly dares express its natural sympathies for the forces of democracy in Spain.

It is against this background that we would have Catholics consider the case of Father Coughlin. It is good to see how many voices are being raised in his own church against his attempt to spread anti-Semitism in the United States. Among the latest we note two articles in the December 30 issue of the *Commonweal*—Father Coughlin's Facts, by Monsignor John A. Ryan, and Facts of History, by George N. Shuster. The letters to the editor in that same issue include similar pleas by Father James R. Keane, national director of the Perpetual Novena of Our Sorrowful Mother, and by the Reverend Daniel A. Lord, editor of the *Queen's Work*. It is unnecessary to dwell again on Father Coughlin's talent for misrepresentation. It is necessary to call attention to the fact that Father Coughlin represents a Catholic problem as well as a Jewish problem. He is using Jew-baiting, as generations of reactionary demagogues and fanatical pogromchiks before him have used it, to attack all that is progressive. Coughlin has repeatedly called upon "good Jews" to repudiate communistic ones or face the consequences of anti-Semitism. The Jews are not an entity. No Jewish organization speaks for them or can control the acts of individual members of the race. Coughlin, on the other hand, speaks as a priest of the most highly organized international in history. The longer it lets him spread his poison, the harder it will be to make people believe that the church itself does not look altogether with disfavor on the witches' brew he is stirring up.

The Right of Assembly

ALTHOUGH the Constitution is more than a century and a half old and the Supreme Court is popularly supposed to be the bulwark of the liberties safeguarded in it, the right of assembly is not yet firmly established in our constitutional law. On the contrary, the last time the Supreme Court passed squarely on the issue it laid down an obnoxious, unsound, and reactionary doctrine. It may seem strange to link the names of Hague and Holmes, but the legal sophistry by which the courts of New Jersey have been upholding the dictatorial conduct of the Hudson County Führer goes directly back to a decision handed down by Justice Holmes on the highest court of Massachusetts in 1895 and upheld by the United States Supreme Court in 1897.

Three quotations will make the genealogy and rationale of this doctrine clear. In Thomas *vs.* Casey, Judge Bodine of the New Jersey Supreme Court declined to order the Jersey City chief of police to grant Norman Thomas a speaking permit. "He [Thomas]," Judge Bodine ruled, "has no more right to speak in public places in that city, such as highways and parks, without permit than he has to invade a citizen's home without invitation." In the case of Commonwealth *vs.* Davis, Justice Holmes upheld the conviction of a religious preacher who spoke on Boston Common without a permit. "For the legislature absolutely or conditionally to forbid public speaking in a highway or public park," Holmes said, "is no more an infringement of the rights of a member of the public than for the owner of a private house to forbid it in his house." Appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and there, two years later, in Davis *vs.* Massachusetts, the majority not only upheld Justice Holmes but went farther and declared: "The right to absolutely exclude all right to use necessarily includes the authority to determine under what circumstances such use may be availed of, as the greater power contains the lesser." It was on these decisions that Federal Judge Clark, in his opinion on the Hague case, based his peculiar suggestion that Jersey City might censor speeches as a condition for the grant of a permit. Fortunately Judge Clark omitted this from his decree, and there is little doubt that the present Supreme Court would unhesitatingly reverse not only his censorship suggestion but the old Davis case itself. The importance of the C. I. O. suit against Hague is that it will for the first time in forty years bring the issue directly before the court.

The Special Committee on the Bill of Rights of the American Bar Association is to be commended for recognizing that the issue involved is of fundamental importance and that the doctrine of the Davis case must be wiped out, for it contains the seeds of censorship and repression. The brief filed *amicus curiae* by Grenville Clark, the chairman of the committee, and his associates, attacks the doctrine with clarity and courage, terms it "outmoded," and stresses the importance of the outdoor meeting for unpopular causes whose advocates lack the means to hire a hall or buy radio time. It declares that the correct analogy with parks is not the home but the public utility. "We submit," the committee says in its brief, "that law-abiding Democrats or Republicans or Communists . . . can no more be constitutionally kept out of empty park spaces reasonably suitable for open-air meetings than they can be ejected from an empty municipal trolley car or be refused current from a municipal power plant."

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The Nation's Honor Roll for 1938

FOR the eleventh successive year *The Nation* presents its list of American individuals and organizations deserving honorable mention for their activities during the preceding twelve months.

THE MEDICAL BUREAU, THE NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY, THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, and THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, for their work in sending medical supplies and food to the people of war-torn Spain; and the AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS in Spain for their front-line defense of democracy.

HAROLD L. ICKES, for his outspoken and continuous criticism of the Nazi regime and for his persistent refusal to permit the sale of helium to the Third Reich.

JOHN LONGO, NORMAN THOMAS, JEFF BURKITT, and HERMAN MATTSON, for carrying on at great personal risk a war for independence against Frank Hague's dictatorship in Hudson County, New Jersey.

The late PAUL Y. ANDERSON, for his vigorous attack on the un-American Dies Committee, which was one of the last crusades in the notable career of a courageous and social-minded journalist.

JUSTICE HUGO L. BLACK, for bringing to the Supreme Court a new liberalism freed of legal cobwebs, and for answering those who would tar him with the Klan brush by his vote against Jim Crowism in the Missouri case.

THE CONGRESS FOR INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION and its leaders, for consolidating the gains and charting the course of a rejuvenated labor movement.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, for giving voice to the conscience of the world in denouncing the barbarism of the Nazis when the heads of other democratic nations remained silent.

THOMAS MANN, American-to-be, for calling the citizens of all countries to the defense of their common heritage, the ideals of freedom and culture.

THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, for its intelligent and objective reporting of the events leading up to the Munich pact and the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, which set a new standard in broadcasting.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, for her forceful denunciation of Nazi persecution, her defense of Grynszpan, and her attacks upon "democratic" apologists for fascism.

THE EDITORS OF THE *COMMONWEAL*, Catholic weekly, for giving expression to the democratic loyalties of rank-and-file American Catholics.

DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN, for their pertinacity in exposing the pro-fascist influences inside the State Department which have been steadily exerted to prevent the lifting of the embargo on shipments to Loyalist Spain.

THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE FOR HUMAN WELFARE and its sponsors and participants, for crystallizing and giving voice to progressive forces in the old South; the NATIONAL EMERGENCY COUNCIL, for its bold and thorough report on the South as our "economic problem No. 1"; and JONATHAN DANIELS, for his book "A Southerner Discovers the South."

JOHN and MACK RUST, inventors of a mechanical cotton picker, for their social responsibility in setting aside part of their profits for a foundation to inquire into methods by which labor-saving inventions may be a benefit rather than a threat to labor.

The late B. CHARNEY VLADECK, for his long and devoted support of the program of slum clearance and public housing finally enacted in New York City.

THE BOARD OF HIGHER EDUCATION, under the chairmanship of Ordway Tead, for introducing academic democracy into New York's city colleges.

STANLEY M. ISAACS, Borough President of Manhattan, for risking his political career to defend the right of a Communist to hold public office.

LEE MORRIS, editorial writer for the St. Petersburg (Florida) *Independent*, for his championship of basic human rights in an area notorious for oppression and violence fostered by the Ku Klux Klan.

VLADIMIR K. ZWORYKIN, of the Radio Corporation of America, for perfecting a model electron microscope which promises to open new vistas to the scientist comparable to those afforded by the invention of the first optic microscope.

PROFESSOR C. A. ELVEHJEM of the University of Wisconsin, for discoveries leading to the use of nicotinic acid in the treatment of pellagra, which will make it possible to fight the scourge of the South.

CLIFFORD ODETS, for a series of increasingly powerful plays, of which the current "Rocket to the Moon" is perhaps the best.

THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION and the cast of "Pins and Needles," for producing labor's most successful theatrical venture.

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Thirty Months of War in Spain

BY LOUIS FISCHER

AFTER two and a half years of war the Spaniards on both sides are naturally tired. But the Republicans are determined to go on, and they do not see how Franco can win. Franco said recently in a public statement: "We have two million persons [in Loyalist Spain] card-indexed with proofs of their crimes." These "criminals" and their immediate families probably number half the population in Republican territory. They have a vested personal interest in Franco's defeat. They have nothing to lose but the rope or a prison sentence. Better to fight. Premier Negrin, on the other hand, has promised "a complete amnesty" when the war is ended. "It would be an act of treason to our country's destiny not to yield up all thought of vengeance or reprisals," he said.

Prime Minister Negrin

Death loses some of its horror when one meets it in company. More than a million Spaniards have died since July 18, 1936. Every additional casualty on the Loyalist side exacts a pledge from those who remain not to betray the cause of Spain's freedom and social progress. Every new sacrifice in the rebel zone is another contribution to the prestige and strategic strength of the two foreign fascist empires that Franco serves. An increasing number of Spaniards in both camps begin to see the situation in just this way.

The continued resistance of the Spanish Loyalists acts as a tonic to all democratic forces in Europe, and perhaps in the Americas too. After the unnecessary surrender at Munich the struggle for democracy in Spain was a small light in the all-pervading gloom. If the Czechoslovaks had stood firm, or if the German left had withstood Hitler in 1933, fascist aggressors would today be less arrogant and self-confident. Resistance exhilarates the resisters, and the Loyalists are certain that their thirty-month fight makes a Franco victory forever impossible. The losses of the past and the moral stimulation of the battle for justice guarantee that. To win, the fascists will have to conquer every square foot of Loyalist territory. There will be no surrender. And before six months had passed, the civil war would begin anew. Franco cannot bring peace to Spain.

Anthony Eden declared in New York that the second world war began in July, 1936, in Spain. (I wrote and said the same thing two years ago.) It is a war of two mighty aggressor states against the weak Spanish republic. The republic has been shedding its blood for all of democratic Europe. Yet its hands have been tied by the very countries in whose interests it has held up the avalanche of advancing totalitarianism. History will scratch its head in amazement. Eden himself has a feeling of guilt for his own anti-Loyalist actions. He, like Winston Churchill and Duff Cooper, have been convinced by events that a fascist Spain would be a disaster. More and more Englishmen and Frenchmen are becoming conscious of the shameful and unpatriotic role of their governments in the Spanish conflict. Meanwhile, however, the Spanish Republicans, though bitterly resentful of the treatment the world has accorded them, thrill to the thought of being the only European nation with the stamina to post itself athwart the fascist tide. Their relative success makes them proud and strong. Spain once broke Napoleon's might. And in 1808 the French had occupied far more Spanish territory than the invaders-plus-rebels hold today.

The Loyalist army, about 800,000 strong, has discipline, cohesion, and an excellent corps of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, the steel girders of any army. The political commissars, now fully restored to authority, temper the steel. Staff work has improved. Foreigners have been withdrawn from staff bureaus and the ranks, but the resulting deterioration of quality is minimal.

The Loyalist forces—and cities—are inadequately supplied with anti-aircraft guns, artillery, and aircraft. But the machine-gun is the decisive defense weapon in this war, and the government has a good number. It manufactures considerable quantities. It also makes tanks which are better than the Soviet machines on which they are modeled, rifles, ammunition, some cannon and airplanes. The effectiveness of aviation against soldiers has been exaggerated. A hospital train which performed 22,876 surgical operations at the front in various important engagements of the war reports that 54.5 per cent of the wounds were inflicted by bullets, 35.4 per cent by shell shrapnel, 9.6 per cent by accidents, and only 0.5 per cent by aerial bombs. The Loyalists still buy arms

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abroad—but not from Czechoslovakia, which even refuses to deliver gas masks to England—and bring them in by sea, often using their navy for convoy purposes. The French-Catalan frontier is closed to such merchandise though not to oil and food. Germany sells no armaments to the Loyalists and exacts a promise from its customers not to resell to Republican Spain.

The Loyalists have learned to build complicated trenches and dugouts which reduce casualties and require direct attacks for the capture of each isolated point. On the Ebro the favorite rebel tactic of outflanking was usually forestalled. The army now knows how to fight and how to retreat. The enemy respects it. General Yague, an old Franco commander, publicly praised the bravery of the "reds"—and got himself arrested for so doing. The Nazi weekly, *Deutsche Wehr,* recently paid a tribute to the "numerous capable officers" in the Loyalist army who came up from the ranks. And the Berlin *Völkischer Beobachter* has lauded the engineering work on the Ebro. The republic finally has a real army, and, all his blustering announcements notwithstanding, Franco has no hope of winning quickly. But he has to do something.

Franco launched seven powerful offensives over a period of four months to retrieve the comparatively small Ebro area which the Loyalists occupied in five days in July. That July-to-November battle is regarded as a Republican victory and has encouraged Barcelona. It prevented the Fascists from resuming their drive on Sagunto and Valencia and from initiating any other attack. It cost the rebels between 70,000 and 80,000 casualties and 200 airplanes. The Loyalists, according to an unofficial estimate, had 7,000 dead and 25,000 wounded. The battle left Franco weakened, and but for internal and international politics he would have preferred to recuperate until the spring. Yet waiting is of little avail, for government supporters expect to be in a position next summer to smash through the Fascist lines and by a sizable military victory accelerate the rebel demoralization now often discussed in print by Frar 's best friends. Moreover, guerrilla warfare, heretofore sadly neglected by the Loyalists, is spreading, and trains, bridges, and ammunition dumps are being blown up in increasing numbers, especially around Saragossa and in the Pyrenees.

Franco needs a big military triumph—not just the conquest of a few more uninhabited hill villages—to restore his dwindling prestige at home. He needs belligerent rights for the same reason, and in order to attempt the starvation of civilian Loyalists by blockade. He could get belligerent rights automatically, in accordance with the London plan of the Non-Intervention Committee, by repatriating all the Germans, Italians, and Portuguese in his army. Yet though belligerent rights would mean much to Franco, he keeps the foreigners because he cannot exist without them and because he has not the power to send them home. This is a most cogent argument against granting belligerent rights, which imply a stable and national regime. If Franco could stand on his own feet he would deserve to be recognized as an independent regime and to receive certain belligerent rights. It is said to be Franco who has started a new offensive into Catalonia. In fact, Italian divisions, Moorish cavalry, and Italian-German aircraft are bearing the brunt of the battle. Nevertheless, some newspapers continue to speak of the Spanish "Nationalists." The true Spanish nationalists are the Loyalists.

After two and a half years this truth is penetrating through the thickest propaganda fogs inside and outside Spain. Negrin's thirteen points, the program for a free people in need of liberty, progress, and tolerance, are well known in the rebel zone, where the charge of "reds" no longer convinces. When Republicans are taken prisoners they are asked about Russians, and each and every member of the International Brigade captured by the rebels has been cross-examined to find out whether he came from the U. S. S. R. So that myth is exploded. Contrariwise, the Spaniards in the rebel zone see their Nazis and their Italian Fascists digging in deeper and deeper. In November the machinery for a beer factory was imported into rebel Spain from Germany. Apparently they expect to stay a long time. German and Italian officers are bringing their private furniture from home into Spain by way of Hendaye, where French and rebel observers have been impressed by the circumstance. Literally hundreds of contracts are being let to Germans and Italians by the Franco authorities—for electric production, for cereal drying, for orange packing, for metal working, and the like. This applies to Spanish Morocco too. One can read the announcements in the rebel press almost daily.

"What Japan seeks [in China] is not territory. . . . Japan respects China's sovereignty," Prime Minister Prince Konoye said on December 22. With equal disrespect for human intelligence Mussolini has made similar pronouncements regarding Spain. Someone will believe anything, the Fascists reason. But Franco's subjects commence to disbelieve, and Franco's officers too.

Candide is a well-known pro-Fascist Paris weekly. In its issue of November 16 it published a long article by René Benjamin, member of the Académie Goncourt, an avowed Franco partisan just returned from a second trip to Francoland. He calls the article Year Three of the New Spain, and he starts out to bless. "My affection for it has increased," he writes. But he speaks of the "fatigue . . . of those who do not fight . . . [Franco Spain] is living through an hour of trouble . . . The ill humor which the war engenders . . . poisons the cities. . . . The cities . . . are bursting with wounded, with men on leave, with unhappy exiles. . . . One cannot open a newspaper without reading in immense letters: 'Franco, Franco, Franco.'

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. . . These exclamations transplant a foreign custom unsuitable to the proud sobriety of the Spaniard. And how explain that as far as Morocco they sell postcard photographs of the little daughter of the Generalissimo? . . ." Dr. Benjamin visits the Franco army. "An officer whose finesse and taste I like talks to us of his impatience . . . his worry . . . his regret that there is not in Spain . . . a man of genius to lead the civilians. . . ."

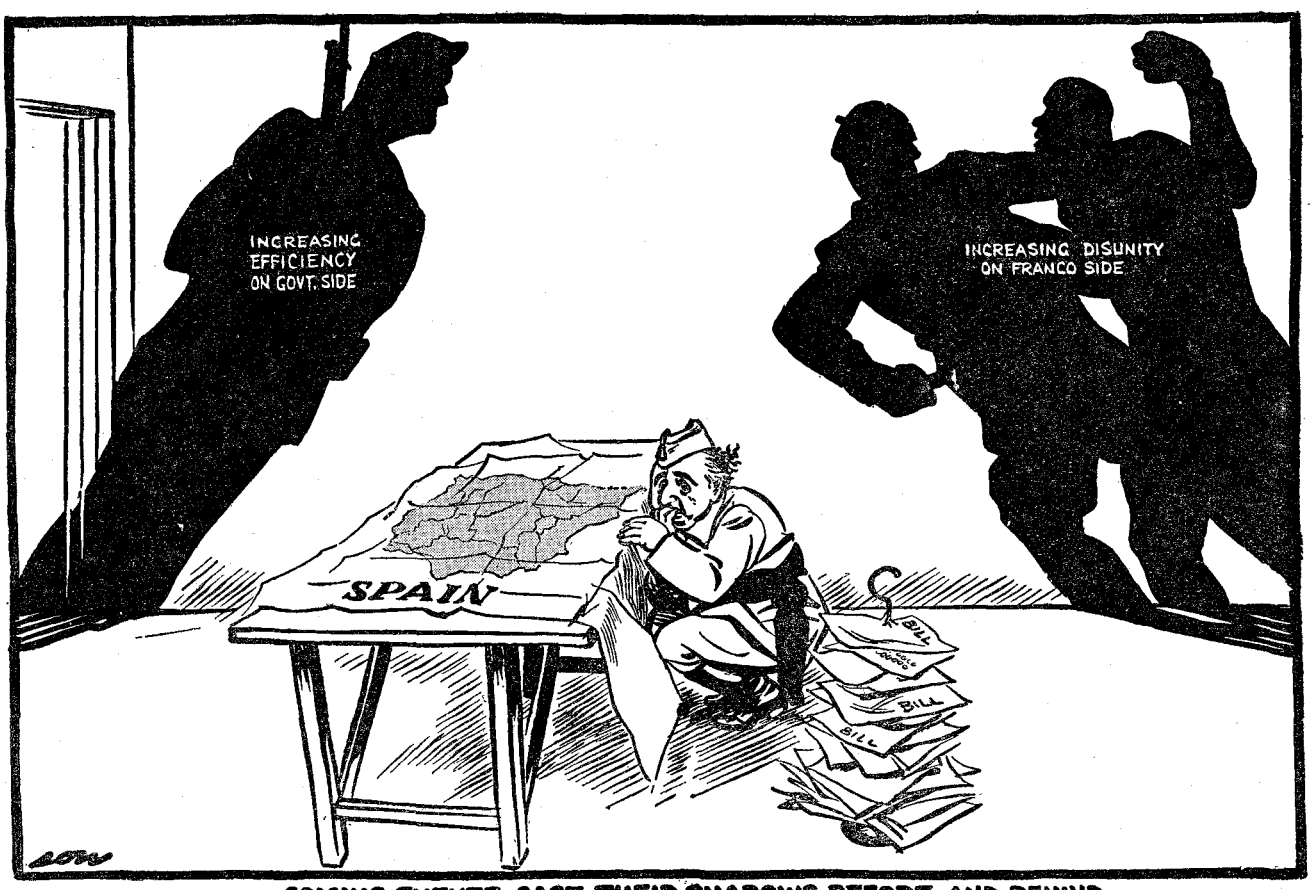
The officer was indignant over the official censorship. "They only know how to punish severely, to proscribe, to imprison, to exile," he complained. "Our best units are composed of peasants . . . who do not know the high reasons" for which they are fighting. This officer had an orderly who was a captured Loyalist. The officer said to the orderly, "You are a Marxist. Do you at least know what that means?" And the orderly replied, "Not very well. But I believe it means a life of greater justice."

René Benjamin discussed matters with a member of the Falange Party. "The Falange," the Spaniard said, "is a good mistress, but the monarchy . . . she is the wife. And that's why I believe that when we are ready to return to our homes we will have to decide in favor of the monarchy." But the monarchy died painlessly and unmourned in 1931. The Monarchists are an unpopular clique. Then this Falangist added, "We have great need of a long spiritual rest."

In Loyalist Spain, despite all the suffering, there is tremendous spiritual exaltation. President Azaña said recently: "The important thing is to be right." This is the essence of Spain, both Spains, and the people under Franco know that it was not right to drown Spain in blood for the greater glory of Mussolini and Hitler and to perpetuate the medieval past. The Loyalist population is keenly aware of the moral values involved in the war. Bombs and shells win territory but not hearts. Franco loses as he advances.

He would lose altogether if Great Britain, France, and the United States were neutral. Instead, "non-intervention" and so-called "neutrality" help Germany and Italy to subjugate the Spanish people. Munich opened many eyes. Public opinion in Europe is swinging toward the Loyalists. But French and British foreign policies still remain unchanged. Mr. Eden understood from President Roosevelt that the granting of belligerent rights would be regrettable; indeed, that a Franco victory would be regarded as unfavorable to American interests. Perhaps Chamberlain and Daladier will take the hint. There would be no Djibouti incident, no question of the cession of British or French Somaliland, and no agitation over Tunis, Corsica, and Nice if the French had displayed a firmer policy on Spain.

For the nth time, Franco has promised that this offensive will end the war. If it does not, and if the gains are insignificant, the discontent in and behind his lines may become a serious inconvenience to him and to his fascist allies. The cost of the war is back-breaking for Mussolini. Hitler is concentrating in another direction. The aggressor combination can still be beaten in Spain.



COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE-AND BEHIND.

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Three Southern Towns

II. HUNTSVILLE: YANKEE INDUSTRY WELCOME

BY WILLSON WHITMAN

AT THE time of the Civil War they say that Huntsville, Alabama, was full of Federal sympathizers who held a meeting of protest against secession. But it wasn't a matter of principle so much as of money; people in northern Alabama did their trading with Tennessee, and as long as Tennessee stayed on the fence they wanted to do the same. The odd thing is that Huntsville's financial ties, which made it favor the Federal side in '63, pulled the other way in '33, to make the town look coldly on the New Deal and decide to keep itself an island of high rates in TVA territory. Even nearby Scottsboro and Decatur have voted to take TVA power, but not Huntsville. Nowadays it isn't just a matter of selling farm produce over the state line in Tennessee. It isn't a matter of local money at all; Huntsville is far beyond the simple feudalism of little Tupelo. Huntsville is a stronghold of the Alabama Power Company and a textile-manufacturing center, with its big mills owned in the North.

More people live in the surrounding mill villages—Lincoln and Merrimack and Dallas—than in the town of Huntsville; the population of the town is 11,000, that of the villages 15,000. Huntsville, in polite phrase, polices its suburbs; the state law forbids picketing, and there are special city ordinances about loitering or talking in groups, and entry and search. But the mill people can't vote in Huntsville elections, and a stranger has no trouble telling where the town stops and the mill territory begins. It isn't the houses, which are better than a lot of those in Huntsville, or the stores and public buildings—at the Merrimack mills they have good-sized, white-painted houses, with yards, a nice red-brick school with white colonial pillars, and two white churches. The difference is that the mill property is behind galvanized wire fencing, with strands of barbed wire at strategic points.

In the minds of Huntsville citizens there is an equally sharp division between town dwellers and mill people, but of course mill wages spent in Huntsville keep the town alive. When the mills closed down last year Huntsville blamed the unions. There was no strike, and the mills said they closed for lack of orders, but maybe there was some truth in the idea that they hoped to kill the unions the way TVA kills mosquitoes in its reservoirs, by opening and shutting the dam sluices. Huntsville, though, was alarmed, and when the Dallas mills threatened to close for good, the daily paper, owned in Birmingham, became excited over the loss of what it called a two-million-dollar industry. The paper not only blamed the workers; it warned them that one person out of five in Madison County was out of work, that only one applicant out of ten could get a WPA job, that unemployment insurance might stop at any time. It said the outside labor leaders—"foreigners" from Atlanta, Georgia, and Gadsden, Alabama—were as bad "as anything they ever had in Chicago gangs," and it threatened those workers who joined the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee. "You will be blacklisted until your dying day," it declared. "If you turn back to the farm there is no hope for you."

Huntsville citizens then had the bright idea of going to Montgomery to ask the Governor for "state protection" in reopening the mill. By this they meant, of course, martial law to break a strike, in case there should be one. A committee composed of city and county officials made plans for "Save Huntsville Day," April 20, 1938. The Mayor said, "Huntsville and Madison County are confronted with the most serious and tragic situation in our history." They closed the schools, the courthouse, the banks, the wholesale houses, and the cotton warehouse, and the *Times* suspended publication for the day so that everybody could drive to Montgomery. About a thousand Huntsville citizens actually went. They saw the Governor, but it didn't do much good; Governor Graves is a New Dealer, and he seemed to side with the unions. He said the union had agreed to arbitration, and he invited the mill to sit in. That wasn't what the Huntsville people had come for, so they booed the Governor and drove home.

But the big mills stayed closed, and shopkeepers grew low in their minds. Around the square they said the whole trouble had started with the NRA, when Washington first undertook to tell a man how to run his own business and egged on the mill hands to look for high wages. Then these agitators came. Even the Negroes living in shacks between the town and the mills said they couldn't see why the white folks had to go and make trouble with those unions. They were earning good money before, but when the unions came nobody could get work. The better people said it wasn't as if the mill workers hadn't been well treated before; the mills had built them houses and a hospital, and paid teachers' and preachers' salaries. Have an influence on what they taught and preached? Why, they could say anything they liked as long as they stuck to the schoolbooks and religion.

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C. I. O. headquarters exhibited more normal business activity and more traditional Southern hospitality than any other place in Huntsville. The union men said that a long history of organization in Huntsville rather than any sudden enthusiasm accounted for the strength of the unions. They had begun long ago when conditions were really bad, in the old mills that had closed down in Hoover's time. In those days they had all sorts of trouble, but they had got a start; some things that had happened, like the favorite Southern trick of kidnapping the organizer, had helped build morale. And now they knew what they were doing. They still had their troubles, of course, but they figured they could stick it out. No one bothered to mention a typewritten note recently received: "You and your kind are not wanted in Huntsville. We advise you to get out at once." They were careful, though, to padlock the office when they went out.

At the mill offices nobody would talk. The Dallas mill had some local stockholders, but its directors met in New York, and the only qualified spokesman was "out of town—couldn't be reached." As their names show, the Lincoln and the Merrimack mills are owned in the North; so local employees were justified in referring inquiries to Boston.

One mill in Huntsville was running; a little mill, locally owned, had signed the T. W. O. C. contract. Its wage scale was low, but that wasn't what the union was fighting about. There was no barbed wire around it, and the owner, right there in his office, could be seen. He proved to be as Southern as the T. W. O. C. organizer, and as practical in his way. How come he is running when the other mills aren't? Well, maybe he's got extra good people, intelligent people, working for him. Intelligent enough to hold out for a C. I. O. contract? Well, maybe, if you want to put it that way. He's not afraid of unions—his son, up in New York, belongs to the musician's union, and he has a brother in the Railway Brotherhoods. It's an experiment, he says, to see how long he can run and make ends meet with competition from mills paying lower wages. On the other hand, he figures, keep everybody everywhere underpaid, and who's going to buy the goods? He adds that, in his opinion, the NRA was all right; and you notice a rarity in Huntsville, a picture of the President hanging on the wall.

"So you're scabbing on the capital strike?"

He laughs at that. He doesn't, he says, know what the other mills are doing. Maybe they haven't any orders, as they said.

He is no sentimentalist about the unions. He has heard they didn't do right over at the Dallas mill, and he isn't sure he approves of the check-off, but if his people want it, it's their business. This mill owner's attitude may be due in part at least to his family connections with unions. But he could also be considered a good example of the old-fashioned small capitalist who arrived by rugged individual effort and has retained some human regard for his workers. He had, he said, started in a mill when he was a boy, and he could tend a machine again if he had it to do. Of course he could hire only two hundred people while one of the big mills would take a thousand, and he didn't go in for housing or church-building. But he was asking no more from the little mill than a living for himself and his family, and he lived in a plain frame house. The superintendent of the big Lincoln mill was far more elegantly housed in a big brick mansion.

Huntsville, so hostile to foreign invasion, doesn't seem to mind absentee ownership. And it doesn't seem to realize that the Alabama Power Company isn't a local enterprise; a hardware man with a store on the square said he figured that the government's proposal to sell cheap power was just like a chain store coming in and competing with a local store. It wasn't fair. Huntsville people will tell you, too, about the taxes that Alabama Power pays the state, not realizing that the company had to be converted to that. Its founder once complained that the power to tax was the power to destroy. But then the Yankee financiers came in, advising, as Merlin H. Aylesworth said at Birmingham in 1924, "Don't be afraid of the expense. The public pays the expense."

Of course the public pays the Alabama Power Company's taxes, indirectly. Many persons wish current were cheaper so they could use more, but few understand the iniquity of a sales tax, direct or indirect. Nearly all, moreover, have a great distrust of interference from Washington, acquired in Civil War and Reconstruction days. Last year a Huntsville ice and coal company put in a claim for losses due to TVA's "social experiment," and Huntsville cherishes many tall tales about the errors of TVA. Government juice, they say, is too strong—blows the radio tubes right out. Then they have to write to Washington before they can make repairs. And all the fuss TVA is making over malaria mosquitoes is certain to ruin the fishing.

The county agent admits that TVA phosphate is all right, but they won't let you have it for row crops, and of course Madison County is the biggest cotton-raising county in Alabama. Change to other crops? Why, this is a cotton country and it isn't going to change. But it's not true that tenants aren't encouraged to raise garden stuff, they could if they weren't shiftless and lazy. Rural electrification? Well, the Alabama Power Company has done a lot to develop this country, and they're building new lines right now.

It won't be easy to change the cotton farming, though the warehouses are stuffed with last year's crop. Changing the mill set-up by federal legislation may be easier. The small local mill was bound to be helped by the wage-hour law, making general the scale it was paying. Lately the big mills have given up their open-and-shut tactics and resigned themselves to Labor Board elections; the Dallas

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mill, with its local connections, was the first to sign the T. W. O. C. contract. The Lincoln mill is still holding elections, hoping perhaps that the independent union or the A. F. of L. will gain strength, although the T. W. O. C. is ahead. In the Merrimack mill elections the T. W. O. C. won, and the contract calls for the mill to reopen this month with a thousand workers employed.

In a final struggle before this contract was signed, workers were evicted from the Merrimack houses, and the union found shelter for evicted families in an old hotel on the outskirts of town. The women's auxiliary set up cooperative kitchens, and the T. W. O. C. was able to add to its Huntsville history a successful experiment in group living, outside the wire fence. The town has shown no such adaptability, and this suggests that the worst barriers in Madison County are not the barbed-wire fences around the mill property. On the better residence streets of Huntsville the hedges are of rose-colored crepe myrtle, but the people living in the nice old houses are set apart behind less pleasant barriers of the mind.

They say that though these people may vote Democratic they pray Republican. And Huntsville boasts the first Garner-for-President club to be organized in the South.

[*This is the second of three articles on Southern towns. In the first, printed last week, Miss Whitman described Tupelo, Mississippi, in which industry is on a feudal basis. The third, to appear in an early issue, will be on the "model" company town of Kingsport, Tennessee.*]

Pogroms for Profit

BY VLADIMIR POZNER

FOR years the rulers of the Third Reich have been talking about "German blood" and its priceless value. At last we know what "German blood" is worth, not in terms of metaphysics, but in terms of cash. If it happens to be that of a diplomat, killed in Paris, and by a Jew at that, it is worth exactly one billion marks. Nazi fanaticism has been overrated. Hitler and his aides have proved to be amazingly practical, much more so than Shylock. Worldwide indignation and pity for the Jews have so far tended to becloud the underlying reasons for the mid-November anti-Semitic outburst in Germany. Let's try to be as practical as the Nazis themselves and discuss the problem not in terms of morals but in terms of easy money for Hitler and his movement.

In the March issue of Julius Streicher's *Stürmer*, the most pornographic magazine in the world, the following notice appeared: "The current business of the Bank of J. Dreyfus and Company, Berlin, has been taken over by our newly opened Berlin branch.—Merck-Finck and Company." In other words, the Aryan banker August von Finck, a protege of Göring, who appointed him "Führer" of the Bavarian banks, has expropriated the Jewish firm of J. Dreyfus and Company, whose directors —Willy Dreyfus, Kurt Landsberg, and Paul Wallich— have been asked to step out. In order to round out the deal, Finck bought Dreyfus's private estate of 7,500 acres in Bavaria, but forgot to pay for it, which apparently is considered in the Third Reich a very good practical joke. This quaint idea probably originated with Joseph Goebbels himself, who forced the Jewish banker Jakob Goldschmidt to sell him his famous Villa of Swans, at Werder, near Berlin, for 300,000 marks, promised but never paid. These and similar transactions have been termed in the Third Reich—though purists may resent it—"the Aryanization of Jewish business."

The National Socialist Party obtained the support of the masses by fighting banks, trusts, and monopolies, which, it claimed, were controlled by Jews. Jews were holding scores of directorates. Jews were promoting and favoring their relatives. German economy was a Jewish economy controlled by a dozen wealthy families. For five years the National Socialist Party was engaged in ruthlessly curbing such prominent capitalists as non-Aryan peddlers, junk dealers, and university professors. Then, Jewish wealth in those fields having been destroyed, it became time to assail its last refuge—the million-mark corporations and banks. Since April, 1938, moral and physical pressure has been supplemented by a law. Jews who had more than 5,000 marks were required to give the authorities a detailed account of their fortune. General Göring, in his capacity of dictator of the four-year plan, was allowed "to harmonize Jewish possessions in accordance with the requirements of the German economy," that is, expropriate them. The providential killing of a Nazi diplomat provided a pretext for Göring to put this law in operation. At last the party program could be fulfilled, and Jewish enterprises, as Hitler put it, "turned over to the German people."

Official Nazi statistics show that in January, 1933, when Hitler became Chancellor, there were in Germany 828 banks entirely or partly owned by Jews. On January 1, 1938, only 275 banks remained in the hands of Jews, and 50 of these were in process of being liquidated. Banks still controlled by Jews are located almost exclu-

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sively in the provinces. The expropriated banks have been in the main absorbed by a few larger banks, not altogether Aryan, which financed Hitler's rise to power, particularly the Dresdner Bank and the Berliner Handels-Gesellschaft. The former took over the most important of the Jewish houses—Hardy and Company, S. Bleichröder, and Gebrüder Arnhold. The latter engulfed so many smaller firms that it was able to raise its dividend rate from 5 to 8 per cent. Because of the high development of finance capital in Germany, almost every bank owned or controlled many industrial plants and companies. Gebrüder Arnhold, for instance, had built up one of the three trusts that have a practical monopoly of the German china industry, and the Arnhold brothers themselves held 112 directorships. The three leaders of J. Dreyfus and Company served on 35 boards of directors. The Aryanization of their establishments thus meant not only the consolidation of the banking business but also the further concentration of control of the German trusts.

On the boards of directors of these great trusts are personalities who, though indubitably German, are not exactly identified with the German masses. The Dresdner Bank boasts Krupp, Friedrich Flick of the steel trust, and Wilhelm Kisskalt of the insurance trust, who together received in 1937 over a million marks from this one source of income. Today, as a result of the Aryanization of industries formerly controlled by Jewish banks, each of these three officers of the Dresdner Bank serves on 83 boards of directors. The Berliner Handels-Gesellschaft, linked with the steel and insurance trusts, is governed by Hermann Bücher of the electricity trust, Arthur Klotzbach, a director of Krupp's, Herbert Göring, brother of the Air Minister, and a spokesman of the chemical trust. Each graces the directorates of numerous companies, and a comparison of the revenues they receive with the wages of the workers offers a grim commentary on the myth that Jewish business has been turned over to the German people.

As a matter of fact, the seven giant trusts that are interlocked with the leading Berlin banks and that account to a great extent for German economic wealth—Krupp, Thyssen, and Mannessmann (steel, iron, and metal trades); A. E. G. and Siemens (electricity); I. G.-Farbenindustrie (chemicals); and Allianz (insurance)—are the principal beneficiaries of the Nazi anti-Jewish drive. (Thyssen's companies are now included in the Hermann-Göring Werke.) I. G.-Farbenindustrie has absorbed all the Jewish firms hitherto active in its field, and controls today 94 per cent of the Reich's chemical industry as against 80 per cent in pre-Hitler days. Since the beginning of 1938 the Mannessmann trust has taken over eight Jewish metallurgical plants, increasing its capital by 10,000,000 marks and doubling its tin-plate production. The Siemens trust has annexed two large electrical plants, Heliowatt-Werke and Kabelwerk. The famous Hirsch-Kupfer-Werke have been absorbed by the Deutsche Bank for the benefit of Krupp. Some 20 per cent of the anthracite production in western Germany is controlled by Thyssen; 27.4 per cent of the soft coal industry by I. G.-Farbenindustrie. According to recent statistics, twenty-four persons, most of them connected with the same corporations, control 75 per cent of the output of anthracite and 80 per cent of the output of coal in the Third Reich. These are only a few typical instances.

In Austria, where the Aryanization principle was applied immediately after the annexation, the huge Styrian Alpine-Montan-Gesellschaft is now controlled jointly by the steel trust and the Göring-Werke. Krupp has taken over scores of enterprises which were partly or wholly owned by Austrian Jews. As for the Hirtenberg arms and munitions plant, formerly the property of the war magnate Mandl, who was connected with the Heimwehr, it has been "dejudaized" and given to the Wilhelm Gustloff Foundation, dominated by the Dresdner Bank, the steel trust, and Krupp.

It is worth while to point out that the banks and corporations mentioned above are almost all tied together by interlocking directorates. Fritz Thyssen is a director of Siemens-Schuckert. Siemens is an officer of Mannesmann. Friedrich Flick's name appears on the boards of A. E. G., the Dresdner Bank, and several of Thyssen's companies. Arthur Klotzbach serves on the boards of Krupp, A. E. G., and the Berliner Handels-Gesellschaft. Albert Vögler of the steel trust is on the directorates of Siemens and Halske and Siemens-Schuckert; Wilhelm Kisskalt provides a link between the Dresdner Bank and twenty-three insurance companies controlled by the Allianz trust.

These 6 men hold 127 posts in the most important German corporations; they preside over 32 of those corporations. They also hold many executive or honorary positions in the administration of the Third Reich. Gustav Krupp von Bohlen presides over the Association of German Industry and is a member of the General Economic Council, on which Fritz Thyssen and Carl von Siemens also serve. The last named, together with Hermann Bücher, president of A. E. G., and Wilhelm Kisskalt of Allianz, are members of the Akademie für Deutsches Recht. The general

General Göring

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director of Allianz, Kurt Schmitt, was made the Reich's Minister of Economy as soon as Hitler seized power. Incidentally, the banker August von Finck, "heir" to the Jewish bank of J. Dreyfus and Company, is also a vice-president of Allianz.

In appointing men to positions of command in the German economy the National Socialist leaders did not limit themselves to their original financial backers. Göring especially has been as solicitous for his relatives as any Jewish banker. His brother, Herbert Göring, became a director in the Air Ministry and draws from the state 150,000 marks yearly. In addition, he receives about 200,000 marks a year for permitting his name to appear on the list of directors of the Berliner Handels-Gesellschaft. At the same time he is on the board of the Allgemeine Deutsche Creditanstalt of Leipzig and of the Deschimag of Bremen, positions which bring in additional revenue. The Deschimag, a huge shipbuilding corporation, was nationalized by the Weimar Republic, but General Göring turned it back to private ownership, represented by his brother Herbert, and granted it without delay a 3,000,000 mark order. A second brother of Göring's, after the annexation of Austria, was made the head of the Tobis-Sacha, that is, practically the dictator of the Austrian movie industry. A brother-in-law, Herr Huber, was appointed Minister of Justice in the first Nazi Cabinet in Austria. Apparently justice does not pay too well, and Herr Huber has also been seated on the board of directors of the Merkur-Bank of Vienna, controlled by the Dresdner Bank. A more distant relative of the Field Marshal, a cousin, has had to satisfy himself with the celebrated Viennese Cafe Herrenhof, whose former Jewish owner was asked to step out.

Goebbels cannot compete with Göring in the warmth of his family feelings, though it may be noted that Hans Goebbels, after having been for years an obscure employee in the insurance business, became on May 10, 1933, general director of a large insurance company in the Rhineland and a member of the council of German insurance companies.

The material prosperity of the Göring and Goebbels families is indeed edifying, but it bears more on the ethics of the Third Reich's masters than on the economic structure of today's Germany. Behind the German scene large banks and corporations carry on the old struggle for monopoly, a struggle which has never been so successful as under Hitler, and in which the Aryanization drive is but an episode. It is natural that the Führer should favor those who helped him to seize power. But probably German bankers and industrialists knew perfectly well what they were doing when they invested considerable sums of money in a movement that called itself the National Socialist Workers' Party, and in a man who promised to destroy big business and "turn it over to the German people."

Pocket Guide

SNOW WHITE IN JANUARY

DID you see an advertisement in last Sunday's paper about a sale of coats? You saw so many that you probably had to rummage around to pick out the news. What did these ads mean to you? Let's look at them from the point of view of an able department-store merchant—Gordon Selfridge, the American who has built up the biggest department-store business in London.

Each time that Mr. Selfridge comes to America he has to listen to many a tale of grief poured into his ear by American department-store heads. He hears bleats about conditions and criticism of competitors. Before he goes back, he is always a guest at a luncheon or dinner given by the more important department-store executives. On these occasions he usually speaks his mind. He says, in effect:

"Let us suppose that I buy coats to retail at $95. In London those coats will retail at $95, for I am a careful buyer, and they will be worth every cent of $95. But in New York when a department store buys coats to retail at $95, it says to its customers: 'These coats are usually $95, but we have decided to spend a lot of money in advertising in order to make a special feature of them, and we are selling them to you at $75.' Now there are just two answers to that sort of advertising, and in London the public knows both the answers—either I'm lying when I say the coats are worth $95, or I'm a fool, stuck with a lot of coats that I'll be glad to get rid of at bargain prices." Many coats advertised for American sales are of course left-overs at bargain prices, but others are stocked specially for the sale.

Furthermore, when asked to advertise in American newspapers, Selfridge said, "No, I can't go along with your methods. If I should advertise a reduction in price on a dress, my customers who paid the full price would be indignant. And I am not advertising to fight competitors only. I have got to get people into my store. I don't care what Harrod does."

As a matter of fact, the American department stores themselves don't like these sales. Take the January white sales which are now upon us. For the store they are not good business, though they may be for the consumer. But they are not run for the sake of the consumer. They were begun and are continued for the sake of the newspapers.

I am told that the January white sale was born in the advertising department of the New York *Sun*. January is a bad advertising month for the newspapers. So the newspapers convinced the eagerly listening department stores that white sales would create "traffic"—a magic word with store executives—during the dull month of January. They convinced the executives that it would be a good idea to mark down towels and sheets—and spend big money with the newspapers to advertise bargains—in order to create a lot of small-profit or no-profit traffic through their stores. So now you can hear the department stores wail that they are working for the newspapers. "We advertise to please newspapers, not for ourselves. Because they haven't much advertising in August, they get us to have a furniture sale. And in January we must have a white-goods sale." One store claims that it made a

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profit of less than a hundred thousand dollars while the advertising department was spending three-quarters of a million in newspaper advertising.

If the department store really sells you white goods at lower prices in January, how does it manage it? There are several ways. It is no trick at all for a Fifth Avenue store to convince a manufacturer that no one ever heard of him, that he has no following in New York, whereas the department store is known to everybody. The manufacturer and his salesmen approach the department-store buyer already half-licked, willing to make any concession if only they can get their goods and their trade name into the store, on display, in its windows, named in its ads. Then they can tell the little dealers all over the country that the big stores in New York are selling their goods. That's one way.

Here's another way. The Globe Store (this name is entirely imaginary) has been selling white goods manufactured by a number of well-known concerns. Along comes a little man they never heard of before, who says, "If you'll give me an order for so many thousand sheets and pillow cases and towels of this quality, I'll give them to you at a price," and he names a figure way below what they've been paying. "But I want a signed contract." He then goes to some small Southern town where there is a bankrupt or closed mill. He shows the town authorities his contract with the department store and says, "I'd like to start in business down here, but you've got to help me out at first. You've got to cut out my taxes, get your people to work for 'reasonable' pay, give me special rates on power." They agree. He gets the mill rent-free, without taxes, pays cut wages and a cut price for his power. He runs the mill until he has filled his order and then folds up and goes away. The town holds the bag. The department store gets the "traffic." The consumer gets a bargain. The mill in Fall River that wanted the order is closed. Perhaps the customer's husband loses his own job because his firm depends on Fall River business. Well, you can ride on this merry-go-round without any further guidance from me.

Standard advertised brands sometimes play the same trick as the little man nobody ever heard of. But many brands sold in the white sales are made in regular factories at regular rates of pay. They may be sold to the department store at a reduced price for the reasons given above, or the department store for the sake of "traffic" may sell you the goods without profit.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE VAN HORN MOSELY made the headlines a fortnight ago with his call for violence against "domestic enemies" (read New Dealers). He received less publicity last May when, in New Orleans, he urged "sterilization" of "political refugees" admitted to the United States. General Mosely said at that time: "If they are undesirables over there, why should we take them over here without some precautions?"

HEADLINE IN the London *Daily Telegraph:* "Premier's Second Grandchild. Gift from Wives of M.P.s." The story beneath told all: it was a christening cup.

A PAMPHLET just published in Paris throws startling light on the course of Italy's "racial" policy. Its author reports that late in 1935 he was commissioned by the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs to write a pamphlet on Italian Jews emphasizing the equal status they enjoyed in Italy. This was published only in English and was sent to prominent citizens in England and America. Its aim, the author now explains, was to win support among English and American Jews for the Fascist regime and to pave the way for Anglo-American financial aid.

A LONDON journalist tells this story about a German bombing plane which flew over the Austrian frontier into Czechoslovakia during the September crisis. When the crew landed in Czech territory they were arrested, but they explained that they were deserters anxious to fight for Czechoslovakia. After Munich the German government demanded and obtained their return.

THE CAMERA Accessory Shop, a New York firm, recently decided to import no more German cameras as a protest against Nazi policy. Advertisements announcing this decision were prepared, and proofs on the copy were received from the New York *Times.* At the last moment the *Times* banned the ad on the ground that it does not accept "boycott advertising." The same advertisement was rejected by the New York *Herald Tribune,* the *News,* the *World-Telegram,* and the *Post.*

IN LATE November the New York *Daily Mirror* printed a feature story by Hugo Roboz stating that Toto, the celebrated clown, had died a pauper. Two days before the story appeared, Roboz died. After its publication Toto (Armando Novello) announced that he was alive and prosperous and started a libel suit against the *Mirror.* The day his attorney visited him to obtain his signature for the suit he was stricken with peritonitis and died soon afterward.

AN INTERESTING example of Fascist journalism was afforded recently by the *Popolo d'Italia.* On December 3 this paper published a dispatch from London headlined: "England Recognizes that the Process of [Treaty] Revision Is Bound to Continue." The dispatch was based on an item in the London *Times* which really said: "In praising the Foreign Minister . . . the Fascist newspapers with one accord draw the moral that the process of territorial revision begun at Munich requires to be continued." The *Popolo d'Italia* had taken the *Times's* accurate summary of Italian press comment and wired it back to Rome—as the opinion of the *Times.*

APPEARING AT a recent benefit for Spain, Gypsy Rose Lee, strip-tease dancer, said to the audience: "You might think my mind is on lifting my skirt. You're wrong—it's on lifting the embargo."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TALKING the other day with a refugee from Vienna I was surprised to have him criticize me when I burst out vigorously, and I suppose bitterly, about the horrors in Germany. He had just told me that his sister had been turned out of her apartment in Vienna and that her husband had been taken away and, within forty-eight hours, beaten to death with clubs. Still he thought that criticism should not be uncontrolled. He believes that the German people are the victims, that there still is the finer and better Germany whose existence I used to stress during the war years; and he does not want the world to hate the German masses. Some of my friends in the Fellowship of Reconciliation also feel that it is the Christian's duty to speak softly now, to be forgiving, and to consider the conditions, beginning with the war and the Treaty of Versailles, which produced Hitler and the present world misery.

No one has stressed more than I the causes of the present situation in Europe from the day that the Treaty of Versailles was published, but I still feel that this is the time when one must speak out as violently and as unequivocally as possible. It is, of course, an ethical question which confronts us—at least a question of one's philosophy, if not religion. It is a question in which I have always taken a deep interest because it is the one which separated the Abolitionists during their struggle to abolish slavery. There is still much criticism of Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and the other so-called extremists of the anti-slavery movement: if they had only not been so violent, if they had only used more moderate language, if they had only spoken in a more kindly way of the slave-owners and recognized that they were merely the victims of a bad system, the bitterness between the sections would never have been so great, and the Civil War would have been avoided.

Of course this criticism was made during their lifetimes. They replied that it was their duty to scourge the money-changers out of the temple; that they had no right to use moderate language, but only the duty to use immoderate language; that as long as human beings were being bought and sold, and husbands torn from their wives, and mothers from the babes at their breasts, the language used must fit the monstrosity of these crimes. As I have written elsewhere, Phillips and Garrison and their associates felt upon their own bodies the lash applied to recalcitrant slaves, the branding irons that so often burned into the flesh of slaves. They maintained to the end that if they had used less violent language, slavery would never have been abolished when it was, and they cited Lincoln to prove it; for after having been on every side of the slavery question Lincoln finally told Garrison that he could not have emancipated the Negroes had the way not been prepared for him by the non-compromising Abolitionists.

I feel the same way about the horrors in Germany; sometimes I think they are worse than those of American slavery, though surely not as bad as the downright fiendishness which marked slavery during the eighteenth century in what is now Haiti and Santo Domingo. I too feel that nothing that I can say, no language that I can possibly use, is too strong to describe the acts of Hitler, who has inflicted on his Jewish and non-Jewish victims indescribable mental torture in addition to physical suffering. I desire to use as immoderate language as I can about him and all his gang, to help to keep world opinion at white heat until the day comes when the German people will themselves purge their good name of its blood stain. I deeply regret that during this period injustice may be done to the enslaved and cowed German people, but that injustice is not of our creation; it is part of the criminality of Hitler. As long as a single German is tortured, abused, robbed, beaten, and murdered, I shall speak out and use as violent language as the character of the crime demands.

There is enough compromising in the world as it is, too many people from Chamberlain down, or rather up, see the "good side" of the dictatorships and think that the proper way to deal with Hitler and Mussolini is to speak softly until they are ready to wipe them out by force of arms; far too many people are inclined at all times to accept the status quo and "make the best of it." Someone must be on the other side to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, to declare that there will be no compromise and no surrender to men who, if not checked by the moral indignation of the world, will take it straight back to barbarism, who will destroy all the ethical and intellectual advances that humanity has made since the Dark Ages. I am bold enough to believe that if Jesus were alive today He would not mince words. He would call things by their right names as did the great Jewish prophets, and He certainly would never yield in the face of evil, not a quarter of an inch. If by these words I were merely arousing the spirit of hate I should be sorry, but the responsibility would not be mine. Our duty as never before is to feel upon our bodies the tortures of the dictators and to cry out to high heaven until they are ended.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Poet in Spite of Himself

VARIETY: SECOND SERIES. By Paul Valéry. Translated from the French by William Aspenwall Bradley. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

AMERICAN readers eager for acquaintance with Valéry's work have been meagerly served. Just after Valéry's reception into the French Academy in 1927, Malcolm Cowley translated "Variété I," the collection of essays by which Valéry tried—not entirely successfully—to explain the researches into pure thought and "pure poetry" that had occupied him during twenty years of silence. Now, after a long lapse of time, and after Valéry has published many volumes, a new translation of miscellaneous essays appears, made up of pieces chosen from three books, "Variété II" (1930), "Pièces sur l'art" (1934), and "Variété III" (1936), together with an essay on Villon and Verlaine, published in France as a finely produced separate volume in 1937.

Faced with the last-named essay, the reader familiar only with the first, ten-year-old translation, may well be puzzled about Valéry's development. For the essay on Villon and Verlaine is, obviously, a well-made piece of hack writing. It is not profound or even subtle; it might have been turned out by a journalist in the ordinary run of his work. Where are the evidences of labor and strain which Valéry once insisted must go into the act of writing? Where are the results of his belief in literature's difficult function? This essay, taken by itself, is proof of the change which has come over the man who once disdained to utter any thoughts at all; who admired, in literature, not so much works themselves as the "genesis" of works, and the spiritual elements which, in fusion, bring about the initial impetus in the artistic process. We see here a result of the circumstances which have transformed Valéry from a poet and thinker who, as he has said of Poe, "tried to unite a sort of mathematics with a sort of mysticism" into Valéry the academician, expected to have ideas on all sorts of artistic manifestations, have them often, and have them publicly.

Valéry's general ideas were never particularly varied, and they tended, as he has lately himself admitted, to harden into *idées fixes*. His sensibilities, on the other hand, have always been fine and complex. But he has spent many years in crying down his major gifts. His early strong admiration for Mallarmé, his acquaintance with Mallarmé's arduous poetic practice, and his youth spent in the anti-romantic atmosphere of the symbolist movement gave him not only a dislike but also a positive feeling of guilt concerning literature sensuously or intuitively expressed. His poetry, he has said, has for him been a set of "exercises." He disparages the element of chance, "inspiration," and insists on the function of the will in art. He has swallowed without a tremor Poe's rationalizations of instinctive creative workings. He has peppered his writings with italics, as though he were constantly bearing down on their essential "thought." Beneath all this underscoring his style flows on fluidly, often with rhetorical magnificence. He is a writer, all his protestations to the contrary, endowed with a natural feeling for sonorous language, operating under the force of a highly refined and subtle intuition. Gifts of this kind cannot be concealed and cannot be forged. The fact that Valéry continually denies them lends to his work as a whole a faint, continual tone of sophistry. We believe in him only partially, and most completely when he has for a moment let down his guard.

One fortunate result of the demands made upon Valéry by his official position is the diminution of his habit of endowing certain artists with his favorite virtues. Although still extolling Protagorean man, "the measure of all things," he can now look more objectively on individual personalities. The essays in the present volume devoted to Stendhal and Baudelaire are truly distinguished pieces of analytical appreciation. The Stendhal essay throws light not only upon Stendhal but upon the complexities of his time. Stendhal, detached and ironic observer of the follies attendant, in the post-Napoleonic era, upon the beginnings of big business, bureaucracy, and middle-class decorum, who insisted upon following his own tastes in art and amusement while his contemporaries "ended by no longer believing in anything but money," Valéry appreciates as an example of free spirit. Again, in the Baudelaire essay, he places the poet in his rightful place as the man who broke through romantic extravagance into modern cleanness of expression and inexorable realism.

In contrast to these solid and illuminating pieces of criticism Valéry's sad views of the breakdown of the human spirit in the modern world—he has been writing and rewriting these views for twenty years—sound feeble and complaining. Defining "the spirit" almost out of existence, he neglects to mention the sources, in ordinary human vitality, from which it continues even now to draw refreshment. How would an illustrious figure from the past view our civilization? he asks. Would not such a one be terrified of it, or disgusted with it? Since no vital response is struck out of himself Valéry donates to men who might well be delighted with some manifestations of modern vigor his own elegant despair. Valéry is weakest when he allows his sensitiveness, lately absorbed into the chilly conservatism of the public man, to underestimate "the spirit's" essential toughness. Man may bomb himself off the earth, but it is unlikely that human attributes will recede back into the prehuman. And Valéry's illustrious ghost would recognize hold-overs from the past in the present: crime, poverty, and riches. The reasons for these hold-overs Valéry never allows himself to go into.

The present translation is uninspired. The translator has edited the French: the essay Mediterranean Inspirations, for example, has been cut in half, and the section containing some of Valéry's most fruitful writing dropped. It would be a good thing if a more representative collection of Valéry's prose were published. His dialogues, considered by some critics to be his most valuable writing, his reminiscences of Mallarmé and Degas, a selection from his aphorisms and *aperçus*, the essays which establish his connoisseurship in the

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minor arts, together with many passages which succeed in drawing with great delicacy lines connecting man with the beauty and mystery of nature—such pieces of writing would give readers of translations a better view of the man than has been afforded them up to now. Such a book would be an antidote to the unhealthy tendency toward formula rather than feeling, in literature at large and in Valéry himself. It would present Valéry the poet *malgré lui*—his most valuable role. True poets are rare. There are always plenty of real and disguised academicians. LOUISE BOGAN

The Press

LORDS OF THE PRESS. By George Seldes. Julian Messner. $3.

MR. SELDES'S new book sets forth the latest developments in the newspaper world. He brings together many facts, and yet I laid down the book with considerable disappointment. Composed in part of articles contributed to magazines, it lacks the thoroughness of his earlier writing. I think, for example, that the study of David Stern and his newspapers does not give a complete picture—perhaps because the book went to press too soon to profit by the revelation of Mr. Stern's alliance with Pennsylvania politicians, from whom he obtained loans with which to carry on. It has been said without much exaggeration that the recent gubernatorial contest in Pennsylvania was in considerable degree a fight between Mr. Stern and his backers, and Moe Annenberg, into whose heavy hands has unhappily fallen the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. It is hard not to have doubts about the genuineness of Mr. Stern's liberalism, but Mr. Seldes apologizes for him. At least he lets him off by saying that he is putting out as liberal a newspaper as is possible under existing conditions. Had a conservative publisher done some of the things that Mr. Stern has done, Mr. Seldes would have no difficulty whatever in removing his skin.

One notices, too, that Mr. Seldes, like so many others of the liberal or radical group today, tends to measure the liberalism of men and newspapers by their attitude toward the New Deal. A man who opposed the Roosevelt court proposal or reorganization bill is apt to be written down as a complete reactionary. Mr. Seldes thinks that it is complete proof of the reactionary character of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* that H. L. Mencken was appointed editor and that he printed a six-column editorial consisting solely of dots, 1,000,075 dots, "one for every 'federal government's [*sic*] immense corps of job holders. . . . Such is the bill for being saved from revolution and ruin by Wonder Men.'" Mr. Seldes has painted a good many valuable portraits of the lords with whom he deals. I miss, however, a careful, factual description of the collapse of the Hearst chain and the marked decline of the Scripps-Howard dailies. Rightly or wrongly the impression grows that the "Sunpapers" have lost their liberalism. It would have been well, too, if we could have had a study of the economic difficulties created by the greatly increased cost of paper and the rise in wages—the latter long overdue and finally brought about by the Newspaper Guild, to which Mr. Seldes rightly dedicates his book. The economic situation of the daily newspaper is perhaps graver than ever before, and in consequence the owners of weak newspapers are more than ever tempted to toady to advertisers and yield to pressure of every description, notably from groups or institutions such as the Catholic church.

Finally, Mr. Seldes recommends that newspapermen should run the newspapers; that, he says, "would be one of the few real practical ways of establishing a free press." He suggests ten tests for a free press, among which are the following: giving equal space to the political parties; giving the consumer a square deal by telling the truth about advertising and consumers' goods, which includes telling the truth about cigarettes and automobiles. He would have the newspapers also give labor a square deal and print both sides of a controversy. These ten tests came to him, he writes, "on the spur of the moment." Others, I think, might suggest themselves after more deliberation. But whatever Mr. Seldes's faults of omission and haste, his book will again help to focus public attention on the press, whose freedom was never more vitally necessary than in the present worldwide emergency.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Medieval Fantasy

THE SWORD IN THE STONE. By T. H. White. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THERE is an excellent chance that this book will be one of the most disliked of the year, and one of the best liked too, among those to whom "The Crock of Gold," "The Worm Ouroboros," and Twain's "Connecticut Yankee" seem of enduring importance. There will be some to read riddles into it where none are intended, and there will be many to chafe at its outright nonsense, discovering no allegory at all nor any index of immediate social significance. Yet it is a wise book, in part a satiric fantasy of life in medieval Merrie England when King Arthur, known once as the Wart, was growing up. The Wart was tutored by Merlyn, who lived backward in time, who ran out of magic occasionally, knitted his beard into his skull cap, and prepared the lad for kingship by teaching him in curious ways that true education was dependent upon an understanding of nature. Thus the Wart, clothed in magic, viewed the world through the eyes of a fish, a badger, a snake, and a bird, and proved his mettle among them. So too he encountered the giants of man's mind ("They're hard to capture," said Sir Ector, "when they run out of scent") and the evil and exquisite Madame Mim (Pianoforte, Needlework, Necromancy).

The author has a scholar's knowledge of ancient economy, and the adept's delight in the precise, prescribed ritual of falconry and jousting and the hunting of the boar, however he may mock it. King Pellinore in pursuit of the Beast Glatisant, the Wart licking his puppy's nose, the knight hiccuping "Hic, haec, hoc!" are tenderly drawn though they may be fools. And underneath this sheerest nonsense there is a respect for both the time and the legend that makes "The Sword in the Stone" one of the soundest and most delightful fictions of early England that we have had. It is a wondrous tale, full of humor and beauty, with no plot and no sermon, and should serve well as a prophylactic against the dyspeptic news of our own day. HASSOLDT DAVIS

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Englishman in Revolt

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By Robert Briffault. Simon and Schuster. $2.

THIS is the most hostile and pitiless book on England and the English that has been written for many years. Of course the author is an Englishman. For only an Englishman can describe his own people and their history with so much hatred as Briffault shows. The dull, superficial, conventional forms of English society do not have any real importance. Many independent men and women of England have looked on their society with an easy tolerance or have enjoyed it. But others think that they must break the fetters of convention; they liberate themselves and then they raise the flag of rebellion against England and the English.

The line of famous English rebels against England goes down from Lord Byron to Parnell, and Briffault follows these illustrious predecessors. Briffault was born in London of British parents. He lived many years as a surgeon in New Zealand, wrote a number of remarkable books, served in the British army during the Great War and received several British decorations, which he returned to King George on October 1, 1938, under the fresh impression of Chamberlain's betrayal of European democracy.

The strong side of this book is its exposure of the political methods used by the English governing class since the time of Queen Elizabeth. Briffault is a brilliant historian, and some small mistakes in details do not lessen the force of his argument or of his penetrating judgment. The weakness of his book lies in its use of the results gained by a thorough criticism of the English governing classes against the British nation as a whole. General judgments on a nation are usually a mixture of prejudice and misunderstanding. Remarks on "the English" as a unity are not truer than the usual characterizations of "the Jews" or "the Germans" or "the Americans." If Briffault had avoided exaggeration in his attacks on the English people as "English," his power to convince would be much stronger.

Nevertheless, the thanks of all the friends of progress and democracy are due today to every Englishman who shows that he really understands the fateful political course which brought Mr. Chamberlain to Munich. Briffault makes an extremely important remark on a principal change in European politics since the end of the Great War. Pre-war politics were concerned with purely political issues. They were motivated by national rivalries for power or economic advantage. British capitalists before 1914 wanted to foil the plans of German capitalists without much interest for the social struggles within Germany itself. Nobody in England or France in those days suggested sparing the Kaiser or allowing him better opportunities for colonial expansion because he was such a valiant fighter against the Socialist labor movement.

In post-war Europe purely national aims are subordinated to the bearing they may have on social issues. The English and French upper classes are ready to accept every humiliation from Hitler or Mussolini not because they are cowards or weaklings but because they look on the fascist dictators as their present or future allies against Soviet Russia and the labor revolution. Briffault gives a very clear description of the "ostensible and abnormal" pacifism which the governments of England and France always confess. This pacifism is only a pretext serving to confuse the issues and to deceive world opinion. Chamberlain and his friends hope to get a four-power alliance against Russia and the revolution, but there is danger that Chamberlain's politics will make the British Empire weaker and weaker and the fascists always more adventurous. Perhaps Hitler will come to the conclusion that it is better business to destroy finally the ridiculous British Empire than to attempt a crusade against Moscow.

Briffault tells a story which at this moment cannot be proved, but which may be true. During the Abyssinian War, when the situation of Mussolini looked desperate because of the economic sanctions of the League of Nations, suddenly the King of Belgium went to London to "consult a dentist." Really he was the bearer of a message from the King of Italy begging that Mussolini be spared; for if Mussolini were defeated the monarchy would be destroyed in Italy and a Socialist republic established there. The English government understood the danger to European capitalism of a Socialist victory in Italy, and the fight against Mussolini was dropped.

Briffault's publisher tells us that the author of this anti-English book is now living either in France or in the United States. But if Briffault should like one day to return to England, it is very improbable that anybody would hurt him on the streets of London. He could also go to Oxford and address a big meeting of students, and most probably the meeting would pass a vote of thanks for the courageous speaker. The English cannot be so bad as long as such independent and stubborn fighters as Briffault are being born on their island.

ARTHUR ROSENBERG

Logical Empiricism

EXPERIENCE AND PREDICTION. AN ANALYSIS OF THE FOUNDATIONS AND THE STRUCTURE OF KNOWLEDGE. By Hans Reichenbach. University of Chicago Press. $4.

IN THIS book one of Germany's most eminent scientific philosophers presents his views to the English public. Professor Hans Reichenbach, formerly of the University of Berlin and of Istanbul, and now, happily for this country, at the University of California (southern branch), is well known as cofounder of the school of logical empiricism and editor of the Nazi-proscribed *Erkenntnis*. His critical exposition of the foundations of relativity theory and his development of the frequency theory of probability on a more ambitious scale than has hitherto been attempted represent contributions of the highest importance. Professor Reichenbach is an anomaly in the German philosophical tradition. His bias is definitely empirical. He is aware of the conventionalistic elements in the theory and practice of modern science but stresses the material and procedural contexts within which they function and are controlled. He resolutely closes the door to a priori metaphysical constructions in his philosophical analysis. The American reader will be impressed by the fact that he seems to have developed views which are close to the probabilism of Charles Peirce. The most distinctive feature of his present work is the non-technical restatement of his

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"solution" of the problem of induction, presented here in the context of a new probabilistic theory of meaning and truth.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to epistemological questions, including grounds for belief in the existence of the external world, which pragmatic American philosophers with whom Reichenbach claims kinship have dismissed as meaningless. Professor Reichenbach's absorption in traditional epistemological problems, combined with his operationalism and frequency theory of probability, creates some puzzles that will stir many American philosophers to criticism and dissent. But his work will undoubtedly have a fructifying influence. On any theory of probability it is extremely likely that he will leave a distinguished mark not only on contemporary American philosophy but wherever thought is empirical, logical, and free. SIDNEY HOOK

So Great a Man

NAPOLEON: SOLDIER AND EMPEROR. By Octave Aubry. Translated by Arthur Livingston. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.75.

ENGLAND'S YEARS OF DANGER. By Paul Frischauer. Oxford University Press. $2.75.

BONAPARTE's trouble, it has been well said, was that he thought he was Napoleon. Here are two more books to prove it. Admirers of M. Aubry's "St. Helena" will wish to read the extended introduction to that work—which is what his present volume necessarily amounts to. Handsomely set up, with what looks to be a representation of Charles Boyer on the dust jacket (remember "Conquest"?—Garbo was in it), and translated with spirit and some useful editing by Arthur Livingston, this book follows in the main the reported facts of Napoleon's years of action as set down by the French memorialists of his era. Belliard and Bourrienne, Ségur, Caulaincourt, Fouché, Marmont, and the rest—all make revealing contributions to M. Aubry's chapters, in which there is a good deal of thunder but very little blood. The thunder, of course, is furnished by the protagonist: and there is an oddly modern roll to some of it. For example, this, from Napoleon's address to the Council of State on the eve of Ulm and Austerlitz:

> I go to crush the odious House of Austria which I should never have spared. . . . While I am engaged in far-away Germany the nation must be responsible for itself. . . . It must revive its old energies. It must show all Europe that it is one with its leader. . . . I am the nation's work. The nation must uphold me.

M. Aubry, however, does not labor such points as this. He belongs, as much perhaps as any Frenchman can when dealing with Napoleon, to the school of "objective" historians who set up the materials for historical analogies but leave readers free to draw their own.

For devotees of that instructive pastime, here is also the other side of the Napoleonic medal—Herr Frischauer's documentation of England's years of peril during the last world war but one, when they plowed up the green fields of the tight little island into breastworks against the Corsican ogre who never got there, but who pursued, instead, into the deceptive sunshine of a Russian autumn the chimera of Russia's temporary imperial ally *perfide Albion*, thus opening the way for himself to end his days in protective custody.

Herr Frischauer has already been widely praised for this skilful and judicious assembling of direct quotations into a running commentary by small and great persons upon the course of polity in their world during the years 1792-1815; from the National Convention, that is, to the last of the Hundred Days. All students of the period will wish to own his book. Typical quotation (it closes the book):

> If the Duke of Wellington declares himself against Napoleon being put to death, he is thinking and behaving like a Briton. Great Britain has no greater obligations to any mortal on earth than to this ruffian [Napoleon]. For through the events which he has brought about, England's greatness, prosperity, and wealth have risen high. She is the mistress of the sea, and neither in this dominion nor in world trade has she now a single rival to fear. . . .

The writer was Gneisenau, chief of the Prussian staff at Waterloo. GEORGE LIBAIRE

Shorter Notices

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO. By Rachel Field. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Rachel Field's great-aunt was Henriette Deluzy-Desportes, governess to the children of the Duc and Duchesse de Praslin, the woman who pleaded her own case in a murder trial that helped to drive the French king from his throne. Freed, she came to America and later married Henry M. Field, brother of Cyrus Field, who laid the Atlantic cable. The author has written her book with the loving care of one recording a family annal. Henriette is treated realistically enough, if a bit too tenderly, to be completely believable, especially in her role of a French woman trying to fit into the life of a New England village and of the hostess of a house in Gramercy Park in the nineteenth century. The novel as a whole is good reading; Rachel Field's style is well adapted to the telling of a romantic and amazing tale. Interesting details of social life in America, drawn doubtless from family letters, are given with humor and charm, and it is easy to forgive a grand-niece for idealizing somewhat so interesting an ancestor.

EUROPE REHOUSED. By Elizabeth Denby. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

Miss Denby, who comes to us with a well-deserved introduction from Professor Gropius, had long been actively engaged in public housing in Britain before setting out on an intensive study of the same field in Europe. This book deals specifically with progress made in six countries—Sweden, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, and France. In spite of widely differing conditions all these countries in the last twenty years have been forced to employ public funds in meeting desperate housing needs. Not that the problem was anything new; actually slums and overcrowding became a chronic evil with the rapid growth of populations which accompanied the industrialization of the Western world. The cessation of all building during the war called dramatic attention to the situation in Europe, just as the stoppage of practically all building during the depression opened the eyes of

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WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT ARISTOCRATIC TAXATION?

The most appalling instrument of oppression in human society is the Fiscal Power, which is deliberately employed to *penalize* productive industry with burdensome taxes while at the same time *subsidizing and promoting speculation* in the value of improved and vacant land. This is why productive enterprise finds itself "on the spot" between rising taxes and inflated ground rent.

Industrial machinery and the ground on which the machinery is located are totally different economic factors. The machine and its products are values arising from Management and Labor. These values are *over-taxed.* But on the other hand, ground values are unearned increment caused by the presence of society; and these values, in comparison, are *under-taxed* in such a degree that vacant land can be held idle on speculation; while occupied land is used for extracting ground rent from over-taxed productive business.

The fiscal methods prevailing in modern civilization are a hang-over from feudal Europe. Bearing down heavily upon production while protecting the special privilege of unearned increment in land values, the existing system of taxation is lop-sided and aristocratic; *and it constitutes a formidable but invisible drag on democracy.* No democracy can permanently endure under the pressure of lop-sided, illogical taxation.

Machines and the ground on which they stand were mistakenly identified as "instruments of production" by Karl Marx. This confusion at the basis of Marxism goes clear up through the socialistic-communistic philosophy, just as an architectural blunder in the foundation of a house goes clear up to the roof.

Today's Marxist crusade against what is called "capitalistic exploitation of labor" is merely promotion of uncritical economics. The energy employed in Marxist propaganda simply increases today's widespread confusion when it could be spreading light by attacking the most vulnerable point in the economic problem, —lop-sided, aristocratic taxation. *Marx knew nothing about the historical significance of taxation; and he had no conception of the Fiscal Power with reference to the phenomenon of ground rent.*

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[Begin on opposite page]

More light on this question has been given by Henry George than by any other economic writer. But the deductive, a priori method of his "Progress and Poverty" needs to be supplemented by inductive, historical economics. The work of Henry George two generations ago has given rise to endless argument about the merits of an exclusive tax on the value of the land. Whereas the historical approach to the problem results in emphasis, not upon land, but upon capital and labor as victims of lop-sided fiscal methods introduced for the purpose of protecting ground monopoly against the advance of democracy. The term "single tax" could be eliminated to advantage.

Modern Democracy is an unfinished politico-economic structure which results from compromise between capitalists and ground landlords; the latter, in return for the bribe of complete, or partial, exemption of land values from taxation, having grudgingly submitted to lowering of the franchise from the largest property holders to the middle classes and thence to the laboring masses. *Democracy is not a product but a process.* Almost none of the present-day writers on political science tell the real story of popular government; how it actually originated; and what its actual meaning is in terms of historic realities. (For confusion on the problem, see, among many other works, "The State," by Woodrow Wilson; "Parliamentary Government in England," by H. Laski; article "Legislative Assemblies," in the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences; etc.).

[Material prepared by Louis Wallis]

this country to the crying urgency of the housing problem. Miss Denby's book should prove of intense interest not only to those engaged professionally in meeting that problem but also to socially minded laymen. It is well illustrated with photographs, plans, and graphic charts and supplies a great deal of detailed information without ever becoming heavily technical.

THE SURVIVORS. By René Béhaine. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

For thirty years now René Béhaine has been a dark horse in French letters. In all likelihood he is destined to remain so until he becomes eventually forgotten. Living in seclusion in Provence and doggedly continuing his interminable "History of a Society," he is periodically discovered by some enthusiast or other and likened to Marcel Proust, with whom he has very little in common, or—as Ford Madox Ford does in the preface to "The Survivors"—to Balzac and Flaubert. In reality he has a closer affinity with such honest and unassuming artisans of the novel as Edouard Estaunié and Georges Duhamel. Mr. Ford tells us that René Béhaine has performed the feat of remaining at once royalist, atheist, and pacifist. "The Survivors" concerns almost exclusively "the class from which the real royalists are recruited," the decaying nobility of France living parasitically in a dream world. The author's atheism makes itself abundantly apparent in the restrained irony with which he describes the dead crust of Catholicism that covers the useless lives of the members of that class. In fact, the criticism is never more than implied as he coldly depicts in detail the religious education of the demoiselles de Laignes and de Chappes, the processions, the scapulars, the convents, and the sewing societies for the African missions. An American Catholic will find nothing offensive here and indeed nothing new, unless it is a greater measure of austerity. The "History of a Society" as a whole simply records the union of a survivor of the old regime with a rather puny representative of the upper middle class, and "The Survivors" establishes the background from which Catharine de Laignes comes.

DEAD NED. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The hero of this tale becomes before the book closes a resurrected corpse who goes off with a bloody captain to take part in the eighteenth-century slave trade. Before that occurs, however, as a young man apprenticed to a doctor, he is accused of a murder and hanged. The yarn is a very good one, exciting and full of robust characters. Masefield proved in "Sard Harker" that he could write the adventure story par excellence. In this new tale the action is rapid, the historical setting vivid and interesting, the comment on eighteenth-century medicine and practices very amusing. But primarily "Dead Ned" is a romantic picaresque novel, with the good rogue for a hero. The story is based on two factual occurrences recorded in the annals of surgery. Perhaps the most interesting part of the tale is yet to be printed, since Masefield excells in stories of rough life at sea, and Ned, after being supposedly quite dead, is resurrected and just setting sail when this book ends.

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DRAMA

Here Come the Ghosts

FOR some years now cognoscenti have occasionally referred in awed tones to Sutton Vane's eerie comedy "Outward Bound." It has just been revived at the Playhouse with an excellent cast, and it promises to achieve today a popular success as great as that which it once enjoyed with those who took their theater seriously. Perhaps this implies some vast improvement in popular taste, but it may, I think, be accounted for more simply by reference to the fact that at present the general public is conditioned to the supernatural. During the two or three years just past there have been more ghosts of one sort or another on the New York stage than trod its boards during the whole of the preceding decade, and even tired business men who used to reach for their hats at the slightest hint of allegory or symbolism have learned to take disembodied spirits as a matter of course.

Even so, "Outward Bound" seems to me to put a considerable strain upon one's power of suspending disbelief. The subject is death and judgment; the method consists in attempting to inspire credence by making everything as completely matter-of-fact as possible. As you will remember if you were intellectual enough to have seen the play when to admire it was a mark of distinction, the entire action takes place in the smoking-room of a liner and concerns a group of passengers upon whom the realization gradually dawns that they are all dead. Obviously this is a good idea for a ghost story, but like so many ghost stories "Outward Bound" cannot reach a rational conclusion except by way of an increasing explicitness that gradually dissipates the eerie atmosphere upon which it depended. In the end Rhadamanthus appears in the guise of a bluff customs inspector who examines the spiritual baggage of the passengers and assigns each to the task of remaking his life. Thus what began as a ghost story ends as an allegory which might appropriately be concluded with a quotation from one of Mr. Browning's most fatuous pieces.

Much of "Outward Bound" is undoubtedly clever and more than acceptable as theatrical entertainment. In fact, a good half of the running time is occupied with the straight comic treatment of the humors of sea travel, and much of the material would be just as effective if the scene were supposed to be the SS. American Banker instead of Charon's Ferry and if the passengers were no more ghostly than they look. But as I remarked in connection with Philip Barry's recent "Here Come the Clowns," I find it difficult to understand why many persons assume, as they do, that even the most elementary allegory is somehow "deeper" and "finer" than anything else. Like Mr. Barry's play, "Outward Bound" is an ingenious novelty, but that the thesis of either play plumbs any hitherto unexplored depths I defy anyone to maintain. The piece is, however, rather unusually well performed by a cast which includes Vincent Price, Helen Chandler, Bramwell Fletcher, and two old-timers—Florence Reed and Laurette Taylor. Miss Reed is excellent as the snooty passenger who has difficulty in adjusting herself to intimate association with even the ghosts of her social inferiors, but I think that the highest honors should go to Miss Taylor, who gives so admirable an interpretation of the role of a mild-mannered charwoman as to make one wish that she would emerge more often from retirement.

"Spring Meeting" (Morosco Theater) is a London success which New York also shows signs of taking to, and it may therefore serve to relieve somewhat the strained relations at present existing between the two capitals, which have recently been exchanging acrimonious So-that's-the-sort-of-thing-you-like-is-it's across the ocean. Nevertheless, the play is actually one of the most British of British domestic comedies, dealing this time with an eccentric Irish baronet and his equally eccentric family. The tart old maid, the comic servants, and the flapper daughter frankly desperate for a man are all there. So too is that atmosphere suggestive of a family joke which Britons adore and which Americans generally find slightly embarrassing. Yet I found myself, like the other members of the audience, very pleasantly entertained. Perhaps an unusually agreeable cast headed by Gladys Cooper and A. E. Matthews accounts for the fact, but I suspect that something in the writing has a good deal to do with it also. The authors seem to stick pretty close to familiar formulas, but the formulas work even better than usual, and for once the family joke gets across to an American audience —even though the piece is unmistakably what the English call a "jolly" play.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

A DELICIOUS pie, with flaky crust, raisins, and a good touch of rum, has been cooked again by first-class chefs and is served excellently in "The Beachcomber." W. Somerset Maughan is the *maitre de cuisine:* Erich Pommer, the pre-Hitler chef of the German UFA, prepares the dish; the waiter and waitress are Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester (in private life married to each other); the restaurant Paramount.

Recipe: Take a drunkard and an inhibited virgin. Make the contrast between them as sharp as possible. Let them—he is a beachcomber, she a teacher—represent two opposing philosophies of life, which, of course, they must not really have. Mix them. Let the mixture become bitter—till they fall in love. Then out with the sugar box: marriage and the decent life of petty innkeepers somewhere in England. He never touches a drop again except to sell it, and she says, "Let's hit the hay." To make the whole plot difficult to compare with everyday life and thus more believable, let it take place 10,000 miles from the Western world on a Far Eastern island; this also adds spice. Fill it with the raisins of sharp psychological observations and witty bits of dialogue—and most guests will eat the confection with delight.

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I did so myself, up to a certain point. Charles Laughton creates again one of his vital characters, which one cannot forget because they are individuals and not the usual types which populate the screen. In this picture, if he had been permitted to follow the fate of the outcast beachcomber through to its true end—to be drowned in the surf and washed away—he might have given us the greatest piece of acting in his career so far; and the whole picture would have been an outstanding movie instead of only first-class entertainment that is, nevertheless, too subtle in spots to have the box-office appeal for which it obviously tries.

Elsa Lanchester is perfect as the drunkard's puritan foil. She is best when, rising above the level of successful theatrical routine, she gives chaste notice that she is falling in love with the man she is supposed to despise. In the jungle night (death is looming among the palms) she has moments which also make one wish for a tragic development so that she might show the whole range of her talent. Instead the film fizzles out into an ending of domestic happiness.

In comparison, "The Lady Vanishes," directed by Alfred 39-Steps Hitchcock (Gaumont), is, on a lower level, the better picture. Precise and without pretensions, it is the best spy thriller in a long time: growing suspense from beginning to end, no empty threats, no sticky romantics, no stupid explanation, no misleading clues—every minute is used to advance the plot, which has an almost mathematical logic. Of course, a whole arsenal of old tricks is employed, but with authority and irony. By this quantity is changed into quality. About the excellent use of the comic relief provided by two English sport enthusiasts one could write an essay. Besides being an excellent story, presented with technical perfection, the picture vividly conveys the ruthless, machine-like methods of an organization which has the features of a modern totalitarian system. Our compliments to Mr. Hitchcock: the thriller addict leaves this film not only highly satisfied but with no pricks of conscience at having been taken in again by trash.

"The Foolish Virgin" (Film d'Art) produced by Henri Diamant-Berger after the old play by Henri Bataille, presents a new actress, Juliette Faber, whom we shall look forward to seeing again soon. She plays the difficult part of a young girl falling in love with an elderly man and conveys her passion with such an economy of expression that her love becomes most natural and not at all foolish. This newest French picture, though it ends rather awkwardly in the old-fashioned manner of Henri Bataille's last acts, is worth seeing if only to make the acquaintance of Miss Faber.

FRANZ HOELLERING

NEXT WEEK IN *The Nation*

A Last Conversation with Karel Capek
by Erica Mann

IN EARLY ISSUES

"The Wild Palm" by William Faulkner
reviewed by Robert Morss Lovett

"Unforgotten Years" by Logan Pearsall Smith
reviewed by Odell Shepard

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RECORDS

ON Columbia's December list is one of Brahms's best works, the Variations on a Theme of Handel (three records, $5), which has been available only in an unsatisfactory performance by Moiseivitch. I don't agree with Egon Petri's idea of Variation 22 and his telescoping of Variations 23 and 24; for the rest, however, he does an excellent job. Wiener and Doucet give a performance of Mozart's D major Sonata for two pianos (two records, $3.25) in a style polished and refined down to the point where the music hasn't the vitality and sparkle that it has in the Timely recording by Castagnetta and Kaye. Schubert's Sonata in A minor for 'cello and piano, beautifully played by Feuermann and Gerald Moore (2½ records, $4.50), gives us the qualities that are Schubert's, but in a work of minor stature. As for Bach's Sonata No. 2 for harpsichord and viola da gamba, well done by Ernst Victor Wolff and Janos Scholz (two records, $3.25), I find it as dull as the Sonata No. 1.

Columbia's orchestral releases include Respighi's enjoyable "The Birds," well recorded by Defauw with the Brussels Conservatory Orchestra (two records, $3.25); Beecham's fine new version of the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" (two records, $3.25); and Deems Taylor's "Through the Looking Glass," played on four records by the Columbia Broadcasting System Orchestra under Barlow. Columbia, which thinks $1.50 a record is enough for Beethoven or Mozart, thinks also that nothing less than $2 a record is enough for Taylor; but there are any number of things that would be better value for someone with $8—or even $2—to spend.

Victor's most treasurable December release is the record ($2) of the closing scene of the performance of "Boris Godunov" at Covent Garden on July 4, 1928, with Chaliapin as Boris. On its two sides it gives the music that is on the last third of the A side and the entire B side of Victor 6724, but this music with the life, the dramatic potency it acquires from the pace, the atmosphere of the performance—to say nothing of the better orchestra and recording (the two sides of 6724 seem to have been done at different times, with Chaliapin's voice badly recorded on the B side).

Then there is the album (four records, $6.50) of Christmas carols sung by the marvelous Vienna Choir Boys. It reached me after Christmas, but the singing of these boys is for all months of the year. Included among the songs from various countries is an American Indian song that I am sure no American Indian would acknowledge in the arrangement in which the boys sing it.

I dislike the music, but the performance and recording of the passages from "Parsifal" in the set (two records, $4.50) made by Melchior with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy are excellent. Yella Pessl's performance of the A major Sonata of Scarlatti, on her single ($1.50), is quite good; her performance of the C minor is heavy. Brahms's "Feldeinsamkeit" and Reger's "Waldeinsamkeit" and "Zum Schlafen," on another single ($2), are well sung by Maria Müller; but I do not care for Reger's songs. And an outstanding vocal record on Victor's special list that I reached a little late is Eide Norena's of Handel's "Care Selve" ($2).

I doubt that Byrd would accept Stokowski's translation of his Pavane and Gigue into the lush sonorities of the Philadelphia Orchestra ($1.50). And I fear that if Wagner heard what Stokowski makes of his "Tristan und Isolde" (five records, $10)—the falsification of the sense of the work by the rearrangement of material, the manner of performance—he would express his disapproval homicidally, with a second bullet for the gentleman who in the accompanying booklet refers to Wagner's own ending of his work as "the conventional ending" of concert versions, and who translates the second-act duet into a night of *True Story* love.

From my examination of the New York *Post's* records of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony I conclude that they offer a new recording made especially for the purpose. The performance is good; the surfaces are quiet (what they will be like later I do not know); the recording is clear but without the richness of present-day orchestral recording—as though care had been taken to give no more than was being paid for. You get that much if you paid 93 cents with your coupons; but if you paid $1.93 for a so-called Philharmonic Transcription—which means the same records with a few gaudy labels and an album that Victor charges 50 cents for—you do not get your additional dollar's worth. As for the record-player, a good one which, linked to a first-class radio amplifier and speaker, will produce the sounds described in the *Post's* promotion copy costs about $40.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Lift the Embargo!

Dear Sirs: A profound crisis in American foreign policy impends. There are the clearest indications that the powers whose pact at Munich made possible the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia have a similar dispensation prepared for Spain.

This is a matter which vitally concerns our nation. It is not merely the spread of authoritarian aggression and its consequent threat to democracies which concerns us, but the serious challenge presented to the economic security and political integrity of the Latin American republics. It becomes increasingly evident that the dictator powers are seeking to control the economic and political destinies of the countries of South America. If they are permitted to succeed, it will mean a very grave menace to our own interests and ultimately to our freedom itself. Fascism predominant in Spain, the mother country, will encourage further fascist penetration in South America.

The threat to South America has not been ignored by the United States. Plans for navy and army expansion reflect a growing concern on the part of the government. Strangely enough, our government, almost deliberately it seems, has turned away from the least expensive and safest antidote—the lifting of the embargo on arms to Spain. This step would not only aid a sister democracy but serve notice to the world that we do not intend to countenance fascist depredations in this hemisphere.

If the United States is interested in the preservation of the political and economic integrity of South America, in the preservation of democracy, in the preservation of international law and peace, the embargo must be lifted. Spain must not be the victim of a second Munich.

We urge all who value peace, democracy, and the rule of law to write at once to the President and to Secretary Hull and demand that the embargo be lifted.

DARWIN J. MESEROLE, HAROLD P. SELIGSON, WALKER GELLHORN, MILTON KOVNITZ, H. H. NORDLINGER, PAUL J. KERN, S. JOHN BLOCK, ALBERT S. BARD, DOROTHY KENYON, THURGOOD MARSHALL.

New York, December 28

Kernan—Progressive Veteran

Dear Sirs: May I express appreciation of the excellent, concise, and painstaking article in your issue of December 17 on Coughlin, the Jews, and Communism, by the Reverend William C. Kernan. Your many readers may be interested to know that Father Kernan is a veteran, a former post chaplain of the California American Legion, and a member of the Executive Board of the Council of United States Veterans. He is an outstanding example of the progressive veteran. SAMUEL ROBBINS

Milwaukee, Wis., December 30

Behind O'Connell's Defeat

Dear Sirs: As the editor of the *Western Progressive*, which brought Jerry O'Connell into political prominence in the state of Montana and gave him the build-up upon which he coasted up to the time of his defeat in the recent elections, I was quite amused by John E. Kennedy's article in the November 26 issue of *The Nation*, entitled Liberal's Defeat—A Case History.

We here in Montana know why Mr. O'Connell was defeated. When he announced his candidacy for Congress in 1936, he was serving as Railroad and Public Service Commissioner. The progressives of the state had worked hard to elect him to that office against the opposition of the corporate and specially privileged interests. He was elected to bring about a reduction in utility rates, and his term of office was for six years. He quit that office to run for Congress, and in that election he had the support of all of the corporate interests of the state. Jerry said they wanted to get him off the Railroad and Public Service Commission, and perhaps he was right. The progressives of Montana elected him for a specific purpose, and he quit before the job was done.

Mr. Kennedy's article complains that in the 1938 campaign the Catholic church, the corporate interests, Senator Wheeler, Governor Ayres, the subsidized newspapers of Montana, *Labor*, the great national paper of the Railway Brotherhoods, William Green of the American Federation of Labor, John L. Lewis of the C. I. O., and even Mrs. Wheeler were opposing Jerry. This is true. They all did oppose him, and so did a majority of the progressive citizens who had supported him in his first campaign. The moral, as one of the weekly papers of the state pointed out, was that a political candidate should have some friends.

Regardless of what Jerry and some of his associates in the East think of Senator Wheeler, we here in Montana have confidence in his honesty and integrity. Many of us differed with him on his court fight, but we never questioned his sincerity of purpose.

Of course the Communists supported Jerry, as they support most progressive candidates in Montana. Had he been able to retain the support of the Catholics of western Montana, and had he not lost the confidence of the liberal voters of the state, he would probably have been elected. The fault lies, not with Jerry's opposition, but with Jerry's own conduct. JOHN W. NELSON

Helena, Mont., December 23

The March Against Culture

Dear Sirs: Jewish students have now by a new Czechoslovakian government decree been shut out from attendance at the German university in Prague. This in itself would be saddening but not surprising. Since Hitler is now the real master of the Prague Hradschin, the German minority still remaining in the country enjoys the advantages of "coordination" without protest. But the Nazification of the university has an after-taste which is even more unpleasant. It is another milestone on the triumphant march of the new Germany against culture.

In the same Castle Hradschin where President Hacha takes his orders from the Wilhelmstrasse, there resided six hundred years ago a powerful, cultivated prince, Karl IV, of Luxembourg. Ruling the German Empire from Bohemia, this prince founded on Bohemian soil the first German university (1348). Countless learned men of worldwide reputation have since then taught and studied in the University of Prague, always the most liberal school of German-speaking Europe. The *numerus clausus* against Jews on the teaching staff was never applied here, not even in the last years. And Jews have from the beginning formed a numerically larger proportion of the students than in other

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German universities. It was thus no accident that the University of Prague played an important role in the struggle for democracy; the "reading and conversation room" for German students was an important secret cell of the revolution of 1848.

Later, to be sure, even the liberal University of Prague was penetrated by the popular spirit. The Sudeten German students flaunted their varicolored ribbons and caps on the streets, and the mere sight of them so aroused the Czechs that often a *Bummel* of Sudeten students developed into a street riot and the police and even mounted military had to intervene. Many a minister of Franz Joseph's fell because of the Prague students. Only under Masaryk's mild scholar's scepter was liberalism fully reestablished in its first academic seat. Now the oldest German university has followed the example of its younger sisters. The exodus of Jewish and liberal scholars has already begun. Perhaps America will be able to offer hospitality to some of the exiles as it has to so many of their predecessors.

ANTON KUH

New York, December 29

Catalonian Writers in Need

Dear Sirs: I have had a letter from my friend, Maria Manent, a poet and scholar of Barcelona, who has translated much American poetry into Catalonian, asking me to form a committee with Mr. Archibald MacLeish, to endeavor to meet the desperate needs of a number of Catalonian writers who this year are faced with actual shortage of food. It is food, not money, for which he asks. I have met many of these writers and have the highest respect for them, as I have for Maria Manent, and I wish, in my own name and that of Mr. MacLeish, to ask American writers to help in this urgent emergency. It is to writers that Maria Manent specifically appeals.

Will any writer, reading this letter and wishing to help, engage himself or herself to contribute a sum of from $1 to $10 a month for six months, with the possibility of optional renewal, the funds thus contributed being used to send food, by means which have already been provided, direct to Catalonian writers in Barcelona. Please write to me at 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, inclosing a first-month check, or to Mr. Archibald MacLeish, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

HENRY S. CANBY

New York, December 28

Careful or Cavalier?

Dear Sirs: It was illuminating to me to contrast the opinion of Thomas Mann, as expressed in *The Nation* of December 10, to the effect that "the artist . . . is of course the careful human being par excellence" with a recent talk (as distinct from "speech") given at Harvard by Robert Frost as a prelude to a reading of his own poems. In his talk Mr. Frost differentiated the artist from the scholar as one whose approach to life, to knowledge, was easy-going, nonchalant, and, in his most emphasized term, "cavalier."

Are the differences here the differences in national cultures—on the one hand the inheritor of a ponderous, metaphysical tradition, on the other the inheritor of no conscientious hierarchy of thought or, indeed, of any attitude not at least implied in Whitman's initial liberation from bookishness? Or do the differences go deeper?

JOHN HASTINGS

Cambridge, Mass., December 23

The Italy America Society

Dear Sirs: On behalf of the Italy America Society I wish to correct certain serious misinformation about us that appeared in your issue of October 15, in an article entitled Mussolini's American Agents by M. B. Schnapper. Mr. Schnapper says that "the Italy America Society serves up its propaganda chiefly in cultural guises," and he conveys the impression that our activities have political connotations. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

We were organized in 1918, long before the advent of fascism, and from the start a cardinal principle of the society has been to eschew politics completely. Charles Evans Hughes was our first president. Other founders included William Fellowes Morgan and Hamilton Holt. Our roster of presidents speaks for itself: Justice Hughes, already mentioned, Paul D. Cravath, Thomas L. Lamont, Henry Rogers Winthrop, Marshall Field, Myron C. Taylor, and the Hon. Henry Prather Fletcher, the independence of whose attitude during his ambassadorship to Italy was well known.

Mr. Schnapper seems to think there is something suspect in the Italy America Society's having connections in Italy, including "Italian noblewomen as its Italian officers." These good ladies are not in any way active in the society, but merely act at times as hostesses to those of our members who visit Italy. Most of our members are Americans. They are people who are fond of Italy and who like to study its language and its achievements in art, literature, and science. While not of the eminence of those generations of Englishmen of whom Byron and the Brownings were outstanding examples, these American friends of Italy have the same feeling for its beauty and history.

HENRY BURCHELL, Vice-President

New York, December 1

[We fail to understand how those who share the feeling of Byron and the Brownings for the "beauty and history" of Italy can fail to take a positive stand against a regime which has done that culture to death. Until the society takes such a stand, we shall continue to believe that Mr. Schnapper's inference is a reasonable one.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* correspondent in Spain, is at present in the United States.

WILLSON WHITMAN is writing a book on the TVA, of which the present series of articles is a part.

VLADIMIR POZNER, a French journalist now visiting the United States, has recently published "Bloody Baron: The Story of Ungern Sternberg."

LOUISE BOGAN, poetry critic of the *New Yorker,* is the author of a book of verse, "The Sleeping Fury."

HASSOLDT DAVIS is a frequent contributor to magazines.

ARTHUR ROSENBERG until the rise of Hitler was professor of history at the University of Berlin. He is now teaching in the United States.

SIDNEY HOOK is chairman of the Department of Philosophy of New York University.

GEORGE LIBAIRE is the editor and translator of the memoirs of General de Caulaincourt.

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